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FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

London, June 14, 1836.

The metropolis is literally convulsed with political excitement. The Lords and the Commons are playing at cross purposes, and what shall be the end, wiser heads than mine are at a loss to ascertain. *N'importe!* so that the vessel of State does not get wrecked or water logged, we are safe enough.

The session of Parliament will probably last until the middle of August—unless, what I do not anticipate—there be a dissolution. The town is crowded with people, and the *haut ton* is becoming very numerous. We have no novelties in art, few in literature, and scarcely any in scandal. It is not every day that a Minister of State commits a *faux pas* with a young, lovely, and fashionable poetess!

The whirl of fashionable life has somewhat kept up the excitement caused by the law proceedings, *ex parte* Norton, against Lord Melbourne. Various are the rumors as to the particulars of the case, but the reputation of the lady—fair as frail—is now at *zero*. She, it would seem, has long been playing the wanton, and some of the journals give a long list of her gallants. Much of this, no doubt, must be merely rumor, but it is more than probable that the lady has been, what is called in the slang dialect, "a loose fish." The trial comes on next week, and the "fashionable world" will have scandal enough. The doubt is told that there is not enough of *legal* proof. We hear it spoken of, as a probability, that the King of the Belgians and Lord Mulgrave, (the Irish Viceroy), are to be summoned as witnesses, it being alleged that, although they are not mixed up in Lord Melbourne's affair, they can prove that the lady was quite as much a Lais as a Sappho! But, if summoned for *that* purpose, it must be by Lord Melbourne; and, independent of the presumption that he would not be likely to place his own friends in such a situation, it is not probable that his lordship would shew himself to be so little a man of gallantry as to seek to blacken, by evidence in a court of law, the fallen reputation of a *woman*.

I have some reason to know that Lord Melbourne's wish was, and is, to avoid this trial, and that the most liberal offers were made to the plaintiff, to induce the withdrawal of the suit. If, however, Norton means to go for a divorce, there must be a verdict in his favor in a court of law, as the Legislature will not otherwise annul the marriage; and, besides this, Norton is evidently urged on by the Tory party who wish to drive Melbourne from the Cabinet. They may do this, but as reported, some of Lord Melbourne's letters to Mrs. Norton contain expressions personally disrespectful to the King. A man may be a fool, but it is not decorous for his Prime Minister to call him one. The end of the Tories will be served by the publicity of such letters.

The Prince and Princess of Capua have quitted England. The wits say, in allusion to the fourfold celebration of their marriage, that their's is a "quadruple alliance." The happy couple are to meet the King of Naples at Vienna, where, I presume, forgiveness will be the order of the day. The King goes from Vienna to Amsterdam, thence to London, and home, *via* Paris. He is in quest of a wife.

A curious circumstance occurred at Kensington one morning last week. The Duchess of Kent had given a grand assembly at Kensington Palace, and about two in the morning the young Duke of Roxburgh drew up at Kensington turnpike gate. The toll collector demanded sixpence, as the toll for the carriage and horses. The footman or coachman had not a penny, and when they asked the Duke for the money, his Grace found out that he, too, was pennyless. He handed his card to the tollman, who plainly told him he could not trust him! He was a money receiver, not a money lender, and the short and the long of it was, that if his Grace did not pay the sixpence, he must not pass the gate. The footman saw a policeman, and applied to him for the loan of the sixpence; but the policeman was equally poor with the rest. The footman then took off his coat and left it in pawn Kite as security, whereupon the carriage was allowed to pass!

Prince Talleyrand is said to be at the point of death, and all his family have left Paris to meet him.

The Duke of Sussex, who has long been afflicted with cataract in both eyes, was operated upon on Friday by Alexander, the oculist, who removed them in a few minutes. The Duke is now in a fair way of recovery. He has been nearly blind since 1834.

The Duchess of Bedford is to be created (in her own right) Baroness Beauchamp and Mandant. These baronies have been in abeyance, and the Dutchess is the next heir. There is no second peerage in the house of Russell, and her eldest son, Lord J. Russell, would, on her decease, become Baron Beauchamp of Mandant. If the truth were known, say the scandalmongers, the Dutchess was a *hater* of Edwin Landseer, the painter!

The Dukes of Orleans and Nemours have proceeded from Berlin to Vienna, and have been received by the Emperor of Austria with extreme attention. He has paid them repeated visits, and they are at Court every day. The Emperor gave a grand fete at Schoenbrunn, (where young Napoleon died), and the Princes were among the invited. They wore the uniform of French Generals, with the cross of the Legion of Honor. They are amazingly fond of dancing, and had much of it at the grand assembly given by Prince Metternich. The gentlemen Hungarians wore Hungarian costumes, (the handsomest in Europe), and the Duke of Nemours opened the ball with the Princess Metternich; the Duke of Nemours waltzed with the Princess Estherhazy, and the Archduke Charles was next, with the Countess of St. Aulair, the wife of the French Ambassador. The French Princes would leave Vienna on June 10, and return to France via Italy. The King of Naples was expected at Vienna.

The English Opera House has been crowded during the last fortnight. Last week the routine of nightly performance includes *The Farmer's Story, Matteo Falone*, and *Gordon the Gipsey*. In these three pieces, Mrs Keeley, Mrs. F. Matthews, Serle, Wrench, Bland, Parkins, and Hemming, have ample opportunity of display. These plays are on again this week, and will be continued until a new play, by Peake, and a new opera, (*The Prize of the Alhambra*), by Mr. Polhill, are quite ready to take their place. This theatre is worked by the lessee on their own responsibility, and it pays exceedingly well. To Arnold it has been such a dead loss for the two last seasons, that he would not have opened it this summer.

They say that Bunn will not have Drury Lane Theatre next season, and that Captain Polhill, the ex-lessee, is the *real* lessee still. Now, although I do not pretend to be possessed of very much exclusive news, yet I think I can make a fair guess at the probability of a statement. If Bunn were merely acting for Polhill, is it likely that he would positively refuse said Polhill to bring out the opera at Drury Lane Theatre? Surely, the *actual* lessee, (were Captain Polhill such), would have a direct control over the *nominal*—if Bunn be such. And if Polhill is the avowed lessee next year, would he wait until then to bring out his opera at his own theatre? The Drury Lane proprietors, want, as rent, £2000 on the nail, or £3000 security. Now, Bunn has had a most prosperous season: think of the run of *the Jewess, the Siege of Rochelle, Chevy Chace*, and Malibran's extraordinary and unabated attraction—surely Bunn must have realized the necessary sum long since. He pays Malibran 125 guineas her night, which, at three nights per week, is 375 guineas for Madame's *six* hours' performance!!!

Another report is, that Polhill will become lessee of Covent Garden—not at all probable. He is a very nice fellow, but he is quite unfitted to be manager of a theatre.

Charles Kemble and family are on the wing for Italy. The object of the tour is, that Miss Adelaide Kemble may complete her musical education. She made a *debut* here, but it was a failure.

Mr. and Mrs. Planche have brought out a new piece at the Haymarket. It has had every success. It is called "The Ransom," and is founded on a French piece which is founded upon an anecdote in the life of Montesquieu. Ellen Tree is the heroine, and is falsely accused of robbing her benefactor of money to purchase her father's ransom, which, after all, has secretly been sent by Montesquieu. The acting of Ellen Tree *makes* the piece—although it is neatly written. The French original is closely adhered to.

Bochsa's concert, on Friday, took place at the Opera house, which—albeit in mid-day—was lighted up with splendor. Charlotta Grisi, St. Romain, and Perrot, danced (at a *concert!*), and the wind-up was Bochsa's *Voyage Musical*, a musical medley, illustrated by scenes and *tableaux vivantes*. Sheridan Knowles recited Collins' *Ode to the Passions*, to which were adapted orchestral illustrations by M. Bochsa. The recitation was very fine, and Knowles wound it up with some sweet lines of his own, complimentary to the poetic genius of Collins, and the musical genius of Bochsa.

Knowles has no regular engagement:—it is said he has a play nearly finished—that he will complete it so as to have it acted in October, at Drury Lane or Covent Garden, and that Miss Elphinstone will perform the part of the heroine. It is a pity that Knowles allows his fine genius to rust: he can write so much better than he can act, that he never should act.

De Beriot's concert, on Thursday, was a bumper. The tickets were a guinea each, and there were about 2000 persons in the Concert room of the opera. As a violin player De Beriot is a worthy rival of Paganini: he has *tone*, while the other has *execution*. Paganini will astonish, De Beriot's grace and finish must delight. Malibran and Grisi sang a duet, by Marliani,—a commonplace, but the blending of the voices was exquisite. As a violinist, M. Ole Bull, the Dane, is nearly equal to De Beriot.

Rothschild and Rossini—both of whom deal in *notes*—have been together at Brussels. Both dined with King Leopold. Rossini got the order of Leopold, and Meyerbeer is to have the same honor.

MR. WEBSTER'S COUNTRY SEAT.

The Taunton Whig has a sketch of "a visit to Mr. Webster's country seat," from which we collect the following information:—

The country seat is situated in Marshfield, about thirty miles, in a southerly direction from Boston, and lying on what is generally denominated the North Shore. The "modest mansion" of the senator stands upon a broken and beautifully diversified plain. A short distance to the west, this plain abruptly rises into a swell, which, broken by hills of various dimensions, finally towers into a lofty summit, adorned and variegated by lawns and forest trees. A mile to the east spreads the broad expanse of the ocean. The mansion is a neat and commodious edifice, of two stories, with an attic, surrounded by a broad and beautiful piazza, supported by Doric columns, calling to mind Cicero's description of a house, which a distinguished and respectable character should choose for his residence. "It is neither small, mean, nor sordid; nor on the other hand, enlarged with profane and wanton extravagance."

The furniture, though not indicative of lavish expenditure, has a propriety of adaptation, and indicates a refinement of taste. The walls of one of the rooms is decorated with paintings of rural character, some of which are interesting illustrations of the scenes of the chace in the different stages of its progress;—while the shelves of his library are filled with volumes of such a description as reveal a hint that Mr. Webster goes not there for clients, nor for the study of politics, but to enjoy the quietude of retirement, the amusements of the chace, the relaxation of country life, and the healthful exercises and invigorating influences of agricultural pursuits. An observatory which he has erected, commands a vast extent of the ocean and surrounding country; with a glass, Cape Cod and Cape Ann are sometimes visible. Mr. Webster occupies and cultivates what were once two very large farms, on one of which he has now growing upwards of ten thousand white-mulberry trees. He keeps a stock of from sixty to seventy head of cattle, with the usual quota of horses, hogs, poultry, &c., and employs from twenty to thirty hands.

THE WORKS OF JOHN KNOX'S WATCH.—For the following curious, but authentic statement, which will be perused with universal interest, we are indebted to a respectable correspondent:—"The works of the watch, which actually belonged to John Knox, (the hero of the reformation in Scotland,) was purchased at Mr. Richard Mitchell's auction, in Monaghan, on the 5th instant, by Doctor M'Dowell, in whose museum it is now placed. It was brought from Edinburgh about sixty years ago, by a man of the name of Finley, who sold the cases and kept the works; afterwards he sold the works to Mr. Mitchell. "John Knox" is engraved on the works, A.D., 1525, and also the maker's name, "J. Rousseau, Geneve, ——." It appears from the history of Knox's life, that he was in Geneva at that period, but returned to Edinburgh, where he died. From the date, the work is 311 years old; notwithstanding, it is in good order, and regular in its movements, though curious, strong, and singular in construction. A gentleman who saw the cases says, they were curiously and beautifully chased, the outside one connected together by a hasp and staple. Belfast News Letter

COACH-HORSES.

WHAT DO THEY THINK OF THE COACH?

When a coach sets off again from its stoppage at an inn-door, there is a sort of freshness and recommencement: the inside passengers settle themselves in their corners, or interchange legs, or take a turn on the outside: adjust themselves to their seats and their bits of footing; the young woman looks, for the ninety-ninth time, to her box; the coachman is indifferent and scientific; he has the ease of power in his face; he shakes the reins; throws out a curve or so of knowing whip, as an angler does his line; and the horses begin to ply their never-ending jog. A horse's hind leg on the road, to any eye looking down upon it, seems as if it would jaunt on for ever; the muscle works in the thigh; the man at the same time dances a little bit: the hock joint looks intensely angular, and not to be hit (it is horrible to think of wounding it): the hoof bites into the earth; wheels and legs seem made to work together like machinery; and on go the patient creatures they know not why nor whither, chewing the unsatisfactory bit, wondering (if they wonder at all) why they may not hold their heads down, and have tails longer than five inches; and occasionally giving one another's noses a consolatory caress. It is curious to see sometimes how this affection seems to be all on one side. One of the horses goes dumbly talking as it were, to the other, and giving proofs of the pleasure and comforts it takes in society: while the other, making no sort of acknowledgment, keeps the "even tenor of its way," turning neither to the right nor left, nor condescending to give or receive the least evidence of the possibility of a satisfaction. It seems to say "you may be as amiable and as patient as you please; for my part, I am resolved to be a mere piece of the machinery, and to give these fellows behind us no reason whatsoever to suppose, that I make any sentimental compromise with their usurpations over us."

Horses in a coach must certainly be the most patient, or the most indifferent, or the most unthinking of animals. The mule seems to have an opinion of his own; he is not to be driven so easily. The dog passes a horrible, unsatisfied time of it under the butcher's or baker's go-cart. Harnessed elephants would be inconvenient. They would be for readjusting their buckles, and making inquiries, with their trunks, into the behavior of the postillion. They might, to be sure, help with the other trunks, and perform the part of half horse, half ostler. The Llama of Peru has inconvenient tricks, if you ill-use him; and so has the camel. But the horse, when once he is ground well into the road, seems to give up having any sort of mind of his own—that is to say, if he ever had any, except what his animal spirits made to be mistaken for it: for the breeding of horses is such in England that, generally speaking, when they are not all blood and fire, they seem nothing but stupid acquiescence, without will, without curiosity, without the power of being roused into resistance, except, poor souls! when their last hour is come, and non-resistance itself can go no further, but lies down to die. We dock their tails to subject them to the flies; fasten their heads back to hinder them from seeing their path; and put blinkers at their eyes for fear of their getting used to the phenomena of carriage and wheels behind him. What must they think (if they think at all) of the eternal mystery thus tied to their bodies, and rattling and lumbering at their heels?—of the load thus fastened to them day by day, going the same road for no earthly object (intelligible to the horse-capacity) and every now and then depositing, and taking up, other animals, who walk on their hind-legs, and occasionally come and stroke their noses, kick their bellies, and gift them with iron shoes?

Well, circumstances drive us, as we drive the horses,—perhaps with as many smiling remarks on the part of other beings at our thinking as little of the matter—so we must be moving on.

MINE HOST, OR INNKEEPERS' WAYS.—I will conclude with a story told me the other day by a Kentish gentleman, of an innkeeper's "ways" on the Dover road. Two gentlemen having dined and staid all night, called for the bill the next morning, and one of them happened to be within ear-shot when the waiter went to the landlord to have it made out, and overheard the following colloquy:—

Waiter—Please, Sir, the gemmen in No. 5 wants their bill.

Landlord—Very well, (taking down a printed form,) let met hear what they have had.

Waiter—Soup, Sir.

Landlord—Soup—very well. What sort was it?

Waiter—Mock turtle.

Landlord—Mock turtle—three shillings. Did they make any remark about it?

Waiter—No, Sir; only one of them said it was werry good.

Landlord—Did they eat of it twice?

Waiter—Yes, Sir.

Landlord—Oh! then, mock turtle, *five* shillings; now go on.

Waiter—Fried sole and shrimp sauce.

Landlord—Fried sole, two shillings; shrimp sauce, one,—three shillings. Did they make any remark about that?

Waiter—One of them said that the fish was werry fresh.

Landlord—Indeed!—then fried sole, three shillings—shrimp sauce, one and six,—four and six. Now go on.

Waiter—Small leg of Welsh mutton, potatoes, and French beans.

Landlord—Mutton, five shillings; potatoes, one; French beans, five. Rather early for French beans, isn't it?

Waiter—Yes, Sir; both the gemmans remarked that it was werry early.

Landlord—Oh! then, French beans, *ten* shillings.

London New Sporting Magazine.

INQUISITIVENESS.—It is supposed that the Americans have attained the greatest art in parrying inquisitiveness, because they are more exposed to it; but a well known London wag, at a late political excitement, maintained a defensive colloquy with a rustic inquisitive, which could hardly have been excelled by any transatlantic performer. Travelling post, he was obliged to stop at a village to replace a horse's shoe, when the Paul Pry of the place bristled up to the carriage window, and without waiting for the ceremony of introduction, exclaimed—"Good morning, Sir! horse cast a shoe, I see. I suppose you be going to ——?" here he paused expecting the name of the place to be supplied, but the citizen answered—"You are right, Sir, I generally go there at this season!" "I—hum—do ye, and no doubt you be come from ——?" "Right again, Sir, I live there!" "Oh, aye, do ye—but I see it be a London shay. Pray, Sir, be there any thing stirring there?" "Yes, plenty of other chaises!" "Aye, aye, of course, but what do folks say?" "Their prayers every Sunday!" "That's not what I mean; I wish to know if there is anything *new* and *fresh*?" "Yes, bread and herrings!" "Anan, you be a queer chap. Pray, Master, may I ask your name?" "Fools and clowns call me Master; but I am in reality one of the frogs of Aristophanes, and my genuine name is Brekekekes Konx. Drive on postillion!"

FISHING WITH OTTERS.—Inexhaustible is trout in Loch Doon, provided the legitimate and gentlemanly mode of capturing them with the rod be employed.—There is now, we regret to say, an immediate prospect that the fair sportsman will find his amusement miserably curtailed by the importation of a most scandalous practice from England. On Saturday last, no fewer than three otters, attended by six men, were hard at work within a short distance of each other, and they appeared to be making sad havoc. What man having the slightest claim to the appellation of sportsman would employ such a Fieschi machine?

Ayr Observer.

RECORDS OF A STAGE VETERAN.

ORIGIN AND RISE OF THE MINOR THEATRES.—Now that the claims of the minor theatres to enact the regular drama, are so ably advocated by E. L. Bulwer, Esq., and other M.P.'s, and that the subject has received so much parliamentary and legislatorial attention, it is pleasant to recur to the infant incursions of the minors in the path of the patentees. In 1784, old Astley took legal opinions as to presenting "Billy Button; or, the Tailor riding to Brentford," in which there is usually introduced some vulgar banter between Snip and the Ostler.* A well-known puppet piece, called "The Broken Bridge,; or, the Insolent Carpenter," was, though done, thought beyond the latitude of their license.† In this last production, a traveller stands on one side of a river, a carpenter on the other; the half-arch of a broken bridge is between them. The dialogue, which was musical, commenced thus:—

"*Traveller.*—Hip, holloa! Master Carpenter, how shall I get over?
Fol de rol de rido.
Carpenter (smoking his pipe).—The ducks and the geese they do swim over.
Fol de rol de rido."

These "diverting dialogues," as they were termed, delighted the grandams of the present generation, and attracted crowds to the incommodious buildings then erected by Astley. Some years afterward, he obtained a *patent* for an amphitheatre in Dublin; and a letter is extant from a person in a high official situation in the Irish government, stating "that, after *mature deliberation*, it was found that *dialogues* formed no part of *equestrian* performances, and therefore could not," &c. In Paris, where Astley went annually, the Lieutenant-General de Police held him so closely to the terms of the permission granted him by Louis XVI. that he would not suffer even tumblers to appear on a little temporary stage; but Astley defeated him, by fastening a platform on the backs of sixteen horses, and letting his voltigeurs perform there! At Dublin, he crept on year after year, until, in 1792, he was presenting musical farces, which, once sanctioned there, he transported to his amphitheatre in London. What was permitted to him could not but be conceded to his rival at the Royal Circus, (now Surrey,) and his contemporary, Hughes, at Saddler's Wells. Hence arose, through non-intervention, the minor drama. Meanwhile, Daly, manager of the Dublin Theatre Royal, commenced action after action. The pleas were ultimately moved to the English Courts, and the opinion of the twelve Judges taken on a special case. Long before judgment was given Daly was ruined; Astley had made his fortune. The fact is, the former was a man of an atrocious character, universally execrated; the latter was a generous, worthy fellow, respected by all classes, and, as a teacher of riding, driving, &c., personally known to all the nobility of the day, particularly favored by the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and the Duke and Duchess of Gordon, in this country, and by Marie Antoinette in France. All that interest could do for him was done; whilst the feeling against Daly may be judged from the fact that the nobility of Ireland actually set up a theatre, and acted in it themselves, on purpose to drive Daly from Dublin. Having some respect for a very old maxim, I shall only add, that he deserved what he excited.

TATE WILKINSON.—The disjointed state of Wilkinson's memory gave rise to a hundred anecdotes, which were rather what he might have said than what he actually did say. Stories of this sort are generally arranged in a manner too antithetical: this it was that detracted from Mr. Matthews's admirable imitation of the veteran manager. The following sentences, *verbatim et literatim*, were noted down as Tate uttered them:—"But if he (alluding to Melvin) don't come to rehearsal, how can he rehearse? . . . Nor was Hope's Warner what it might have been . . . And a very dull spring meeting it will be . . . No letters from London, and the farce is called at one, is it? . . . If Blacklock runs second even, Mr. E—— will be a large winner . . . So call Hope's scenes again." Imagine a pause between each paragraph, such as occurs in the speech of a stutterer, and you have an image of Tate. Well might Matthews say that he seemed to have cut his words separately out of a dictionary, thrown them loose into a sack, and shook them forth again promiscuously.

TATE'S OPINION OF FOOTE.—Being asked what sort of an actor Foote was, he replied, "He was every sort of actor, Sir, he took his color, tone, and feeling from the person he acted with. The mimicking propensity was so strong in him, that he was always approximating to the manners of the man, woman, or child opposite to him. Had he been left alone with a bear, in a quarter of an hour he'd have been upon all-fours, and longing for a muzzle."

Wilkinson's mind, though in his latter days he was almost in a state of fatuity, was naturally acute, and his opinions upon acting and actors entitled to attention.

A FEW OF TATE'S TRUISMS.—The Irish never make good actors, for they want repose.—[He said this in allusion to Barry; but, in all my experience, I have no reason to impugn the general correctness of the remark.]

The Scotch actors deal in detail; they are not wide enough. They take a corner of a character, and work at that."

SHAKING WATERS.‡—An aquatic drama was in production, and Harris did not approve of the sea, as indicated by a painted cloth thrown over the stage, and shaken by the carpenters on each side; in this dilemma F——, who was producing the piece, stepped forward and said, "I have it, Sir; we'll hire some little boys, put them under the cloth, and let them move up and down to represent the *undulation* of the waves;" the scheme was tried, the bigger boys received eighteen pence, and the lesser ones a shilling a night. On one particular evening, this mechanical Mediterranean was observed to be in unusual commotion; so far so good, but though the moaning of waters be recognized, their crying and blubbering certainly is not. "What is the matter with the ocean?" asked F——. "Sir," replied the carpenter, "the eighteen-penny waves are licking the shilling ones." F——'s remedy was admirable; he reprobated the delinquent breakers (out), and reduced the remuneration of each to sixpence per night.

MATHEWS' TABLE PUN.—At a certain political dinner, where the viands were found quite insufficient for the company, and a peculiar scramble ensued, one gentleman declared that he, throughout the day, was helped to *bread twice* and *mustard once!* but no other eatables. "Aye," said Mathews, "I heard there was a great quantity *muster'd* but very few *fed*."

PROVING A WILL.—When a certain lively actress was left a widow, M—— was asked if she would prove her husband's will. "His will?" replied M——, "He had no will of his own: her will was the Prerogative Court."§

FRENCH EGGS.—When a company of English comedians appeared at Paris, in 1827, little B——t, the low comedian, joined them. As he knew nothing of the language or customs of the French, he was not much gratified by his trip. In complaining of it to Wrench, he summed up with, "And, my dear Ben, would you believe it? the d——d French hens all lay stale eggs."

A HARD CASE.—When Mr. J—— was in the Debtors' Prison at Bristol, his wife wrote thus, enumerating his sufferings:—"He is allowed no visitors on Sunday; and, *worse than that*, he is obliged to go to church—a thing which you know he, poor fellow, has never been accustomed to!"

GARRICK.—His *actual* first appearance was in 1739, 1740, and part of 1741. A wine merchant at this time, he was one of the city bucks; for, a century since, foppery was more prevalent than now. He was a frequenter of Gifford's theatre, Goodman's fields, and intimate with Love, of Drury-Lane. That gentleman dramatized Richardson's "Pamela," in which was interpolated a character called Jack Smatter, which was said to be *written*, but was certainly acted, by Garrick, at Goodman's fields, in 1740—the bills announcing him, on his first appearance in Richard, merely as "a Gentleman." After acting Jack Smatter nine or ten nights, he went to Ipswich, and from thence returned to Goodman's fields, and made his great hit.—[Told me by Tate Wilkinson, 1790.]

HUMANITY—CHOICE EPISTLES.—Among Astley's equestrians were many of the Jewish persuasion, who, when they accompanied him into the provinces, generally left their families to "trade a little on der own accounts" in London. A Mr. C——a thus left a wife and large family, whilst he was figuring away at Liverpool; after about six weeks Mrs. C——a wrote a lamentable history of the family affliction, commencing at the very top of a sheet of foolscap, and covering over three sides and a half, with a detail of the garmental and other wants of Lypey, Rachael, &c. &c. This was, through Mr. Villiers, the acting manager, transmitted to Liverpool. Shortly after Mrs. C——a called upon the director, and said—"Look ye here; see vat a villan it is, Mr. Villis." "My name is Villiers," said the manager. "I knows it is, but I says Villis for short—see vat a villan it is; here's de answer;" saying which, she produced a large sheet of paper, on the centre of which was written all she ever heard from her lord and master—that is, "*Wright* me no more *nunsinc*" (nonsense).

A BON-MOT of Garrick's, uttered by him in his dressing-room, the first night of his appearance at Drury, was also recorded by Tate. Garrick having expressed some indifference as to part of his dress, an old Theatre Royalist bade him "take care, as he (Garrick) was not at Cuckold's Point‖ now." "No," replied Garrick, looking at his adviser with ineffable contempt, "I perceive I am at Lubber's Hole."

I have heard Henderson and Tate Wilkinson at different times imitate Garrick, and that in the presence of a score of persons who knew the British Roscius intimately. The imitations were pronounced faultless; they were *wholly dissimilar* to each other, being of his manner in distinct characters; and those imitations, more than anything I have ever read or heard, impressed me with a sense of the vast variety of Garrick's powers.

"Garrick was an excellent fencer—a graceful dancer—but he sang like a pig in a gate."—*Tate Wilkinson.*

* For example:—
Tailor.—Ostler, I can't get on the horse's back, he keeps waggling his tail so.
Ostler.—Well, don't you know how to prevent that?
T.—No; how should I?
O.—Why, you're a tailor—stitch it down.

† The license was what is yet granted to travelling *bands*, and called a "trumpeter's license." Disbanded soldiers and maimed sailors at one time got such a protection ere they set forth with their clarionets, flutes, or organs. Astley, who had served under General Elliott, obtained one with his discharge, about 1778.

‡ *Vide* Prompter's phrases.

§ The place where the wills are proved.

‖ This term was intended to designate the city, and, in fact, all London east of Temple-bar, as, at the period it was used, a comedy, reflecting upon the citizens, was annually acted at Christmas.

Wilkinson and Jack Bannister's imitation of Garrick, off the stage, was admirable. "Aye, very likely," said Melvin; "but I want to see an imitation of Garrick whilst acting." "That was an imitation of Garrick *whilst acting*," replied Tate.

WILKINSON'S FAMILY.—Tate had a son, who gave no brilliant demonstrations of genius in his boyhood. Some one lamenting this to Tate, was cut short with "Pah! pah! Sir—*Brains* are like the *gout*, Sir: they always miss a generation; they go to grandsons, Sir—to grandsons."

TOM AND JERRY, AND ITS EFFECTS.—To "Tom and Jerry" has been attributed the deterioration of the drama,† by many. If this sweeping charge be not quite correct, it is doubtless perfectly true that it has vulgarized a certain portion of actors, (especially among the minors), and made them take a pride in perpetuating gibberish that is not language. When a certain lessee took a new theatre, a comedian meeting his acting manager, the following dialogue occurred:—

Comedian. "So my *nabs* has clapped his *fin* upon the *crib*."
Acting Manager. "What crib?"
C. "The crib yinder." (That is, the theatre hard by.)
A. M. "Yes."
C. "How can I collar him?" (That is, get at his ear.)
A. M. "He isn't so easy to collar."
C. "Well, then, *p'r'aps* you can give me a leg up?" (That is, assist me to mount.)

TOM DIBDIN.—Behind the orchestra, or thereanant, there is a retiring room for the band, called the music-room. When Tom Dibdin was stage manager at Sadler's Wells, he heard an unwonted giggling in this room, accompanied by some uproar; he proceeded thither, but ere he arrived the gigglers had been concealed, and the musicians were hiding the pewter pots and glasses by their instruments. "What on earth are you doing here now?" asked Dibdin. "We came down to look over a quartet," was the reply. "I've heard of many quarts *drank* but never of any quart *eat*, in the room before," said the punster.

"Jones is going to be married," said M—— to Tom. "I'm glad of it," said the dramatist—"and yet I don't know why I should say se, for the poor fellow never did *me* any *harm*."

FOOTE AND DR. JOHNSON.—The English Aristophanes was no favorite with the Doctor; that the dislike was mutual, the following passage from a letter written by Foote to a friend in Dublin, will prove:—"He (Dr. Johnson) has all the qualities of a bear but its abstinence, all its awkwardness without its agility—in fact, he growls better, but dances worse."

WEWITZER.—This veteran was notorious for what are called good-bad puns. He and Suett sitting one day weather-bound at the Alfred in Oxford-street, Suett began to fidget, and at length Wewitzer announced that the rain had ceased. "Nonsense," said Suett, "you're getting *blind*, my Witzy; look how it's pelting down the gutter." "Well," said Wewitzer, "perhaps I'm wrong, for I never saw a *gutter serener*."

When Mendoza, the celebrated boxer, beat Humphrey, Wewitzer said, "I know now what dining with Duke Humphrey is; but, by the holy Paul, I would'nt have such a *bellyfull* for the sea's worth."

"The Scotch fight best fasting—the English after a good meal," said some one, speaking of English characteristics. "The Brittons are right to take care of the inside—an *empty sack* can't stand up."

* Shadwell wrote what may really be termed the original "Tom and Jerry." It is a complete description of day and night scenes a century since,—beating watchmen, throwing waiters out of windows, &c. &c. The play is called "The Scourers," and was published in 1720.

ON PROVINCIAL HORSES—THEIR MANAGEMENT.

"'Tis with our judgment, as our watches; none
Go all alike, yet each believes his own."

"Suit the action to the *horse*, and the *horse* to the action."

The above remark upon watches, by the celebrated author of the "Essay on Criticism," though abundantly common-place, may challenge the highest flights of fancy or the most abstruse axioms for the fitness of its application, with, perhaps, one sole exception: namely, the animal, a partial notice of whom in one of its nominally distinctive, though not generic, varieties, it is my purpose briefly to enter on. Men may discuss their possessions, even the most favorite—houses, lands, friends, mistresses, and wives, children, one and all—and yet allow a *leetle* something as a redeeming clause to the fancied or assumed superiority; but in the case of a *downright favorite* horse there is no such toleration—"each believes his own," *and no mistake!*—So nearly, in like measure, does it hold good with our several judgments about horses: every man almost who takes a real interest in them has his own peculiar notions and opinions, and is more or less the partisan or follower of some particular system or another. That such favoritism, which doubtless for wise causes has been strongly implanted in our nature, has been the fertile cause of many mistakes and disappointments, inasmuch as it is an extinguisher to dispassionate investigation, and that it will still continue thus to rule, is so self-evident, that it would be an absurdity for *any* person to have the most distant notion of reforming it altogether, the more particularly, that much as we hear of the march of improvement in our own times, and the enlightened brilliancy of the nineteenth century—and which, thank God! we have some sufficient reason to congratulate ourselves upon—it is essentially an era of systems. This being a truism, how much more has or ought *he* to guard against who endeavors to explain away minor discrepancies, or maintain that no one positive and absolute system, which applies relatively in all points to animals not one and the same, can be perfect, as he may be unwittingly carried away by his own bias! All, however, I attempt, might in some sort keep me from breaking my shins over the obstacle I wish to remove, as, to make use of a very homely expression, what I contend for is to reverse the old proverb—to the end that "what is sauce for the goose is *not* sauce for the gander." In a country like ours, which, in regard of the unrivalled sport of fox-hunting, stands as pointedly and proudly removed from, and superior to, any other as is its insular and commanding situation—to which the old Roman seems almost prophetically to have alluded—

"—— toto remotos orbe Britannos—"

it came of course that the condition of hunters was a paramount and engrossing consideration with the brethren of the noble science from first to last; until, gathering impetus with the prosperity and increasing influence of its primary cause, it burst forth in full flame some years since in your pages, and was argued *pro* and *con* with sufficient pertinacity on both sides by the advocates of the in and out summer system; though neither reason nor experience could keep pace with the assumptions, for so they were for the most part, of the latter; and left so little generally to be said, as to render it almost a sinecure for *any* one to point out any light and shadows, the more minute elucidation of which have escaped development, or have been merged in the more prominent parts.

In a very limited furtherance of such purpose, however, I beg leave to be distinctly understood as alluding no further in the slightest degree to any writer or system *whatever*, except under special circumstances. There are some minutiæ on the subject of hunters which I humbly, but firmly, believe have not received all the consideration they require or deserve, and I will endeavor, with as little pretension or circumlocution as possible, to bring them under the ken of those whom it may concern.

There is no country in the habitable globe where everything has its own appropriate place and use more *pointedly* allotted to them than in our own. This is not only obvious, but universally acknowledged; and, as regards horses, the principle has been carried out to the greatest extent and nicety: and yet there is no one pursuit or purpose for which almost every variety or grade of the animal, from the thorough even to the *actually* cart bred, is employed throughout every district in the kingdom so decidedly as for hunting. We do not generally put thorough-breds in carts, or carters even to coaches; and I grant, that though I have seen one or two real cart breds, who were *hunters*, and nothing else, the case is rare; yet how many noble ones are out of cart mares? But *all* stamps *are* employed, more or less, for hunting. To what conclusion does this lead us? All are to be brought according to their degree, powers of action, and the nature of the country they hunt, into the field with hounds *fit to go*—and is this to be done by one and the same system—let that be what it will?—Decidedly not: and not only is it impracticable, but resolves itself into a fact which admits of no cavil, that the treatment and exercise which would bring one class of horse used as hunters to the highest form and manifestation of its powers, would, if resolutely persevered in, reduce almost every other to a state of debility and incompetence: and this is a point of no ordinary magnitude, as a glance at the establishments of the highest might serve to convince. If it was against the Law, as it is contrary to the fiat of a power barely less imperious, and far more implicitly obeyed—Fashion—to hunt in a rough woodland country, or that "green fields and pastures new" could alone, like ice to the skaiter, supply the arena whereon to act our glorious pastime, much of this remark might fall to the ground: yet even then there would remain one consideration, and no mean one; for although it is doubtless the great aim in the Midland studs to obtain as much, even to full, blood as can be found combined with the other necessary qualifications, still many a *brilliant* horse there is, whose breeding, if that alone disqualified him, would entitle him to small place among them, and who, were he strictly subjected to the fast or turf principle—they are nearly the same—would be trained totally off his speed, if not completely knocked to pieces. That, *to go there*, he *must* be *fine drawn*, there cannot be, or is, any question; but the manner of attaining that desideratum is quite another one. It does not require very long or very hard work to bring most horses to their best, in so far as regards mere speed; but to combine that acme with the power of continuance and exertion requisite for a hunter, above all horses, is a work both of time and difficulty, and requires and calls forth the nicest powers of discrimination, according to the degree of what is technically called "breeding" the animal may possess: and there can be very little doubt, that out of this necessity for opposite systems, with all the peculiar and critical adaptation of them to different constitutions and temperaments, in a mixed stud of half and half thorough-bred ones, arises the *fact* that we see far fewer good *hunting* grooms (I allude, of course, to the higher grades), than trainers of race horses. Every man given to fox-hunting, and who enjoys the maximum of *human* happiness, wealth and health, will hunt in the Midland or fast countries; and there, on the main, the best bred horses, and the fastest work, almost similar to that required to bring a horse to the post, are requisite, inasmuch as pace is the *sine qua non*. But many, and the main body of those devoted to our national sport are debarred from thus skimming the cream. "*Adire Corinthum*," is a *contingency* in another all engrossing pursuit so *recherché* as to have given it the proverbial meaning it still attains, even with us; yet he would be a queer philosopher, who, because venison be the queen of meats, would starve with a capital leg of mutton on his board. If, then, a man is to hunt in the rough, hilly, woodland, or, if it must be so, the slow countries, where bursts are seldom at top pace, or, when so, rarely protracted; where large chains of coverts or strips of planting intervene at distances of a few miles, where creeping is as necessary, occasionally, as powerful fencing; and where inevitable checks bring you perforce to stand-stills; not only is the same system unnecessary, but unsuitable, and this not only applicable as to condition, but to the animal itself in stamp and breeding, and with far less exception than in the fast or midland counties. For where we shall find a score or more horses with little or no breeding, who, when *fit*, can go any where, a thorough-bred one is a rare thing to get hold of who will be quite *au fait* in a cramp or rough country. Doubtless thorough-bred ones are much more in use than formerly, which I shall briefly notice in my next, in continuation of the present subject. STUD.

Buxton, 8th May, 1836. London Old Sporting Mag. for June, 1836.

ANECDOTES OF OLD MEN IN HUMBLE LIFE.

SCRAPS FROM THE WRITING-DESK OF THE LATE MR. PETER CHISEL.

The next paper which I have drawn from the bundle is headed "ANECDOTES OF OLD MEN IN HUMBLE LIFE:" and it commences thus:

It appears to me that the longer we live the faster time flies (*viresque acquirit eundo*), and very old men do indeed "take no note of time:" in their imagination, things lost sight of for half a century (animate or inanimate) remain in *statu quo*.—But to my tale. In a very hot morning in the month of July a note was brought to me which required an answer by the bearer. As soon as my despatches were prepared, I walked into the kitchen to deliver them up, and there, seated by the breakfast table in his best Sunday clothes, sat old Ben Walker; he had come on this occasion about twelve miles through dusty roads, with the thermometer 72; and there was, notwithstanding, a sparkle in his eye and a color on his cheek that many a man of fortune at forty would have envied. Ben had lived many years with an uncle of mine in days gone by, and there played the part of *Mungo* admirably. Amongst his multifarious avocations he could always spare a little time, during my visits in the holidays, to give me lessons in fishing, catching birds, and cropping terrier puppies. I was truly pleased to see the old man looking so hale, and not bending under his load of years; and taking a seat opposite to him we dipt into "auld lang syne." On his rising to depart, our conference ended thus:—

Chisel.—"Come, Ben, don't be in a hurry; a little more ale, and a little longer rest will be all in your favor."

Ben.—"No, Sir, thank ye; Squoire will be looking out for your note, and my old dame's dinner will be ready by the time I get back. I'll be going, if ye please, Sir."

"'Tis a long walk for you, Ben, this hot day at your time of life: why, let me think, you must be seventy?"

"Seventy, Sir!" said the old man with a look that seemed almost to accuse me of having offered an indignity; "why, Lord bless you, my *biggest boy* is sixty-two."

Ben was in his eighty-fifth year.

TALE II.

Dining with a clergyman a few weeks since, he mentioned to me the great disadvantages under which he had entered upon his living, as far as his popularity was concerned, from the circumstance of his predecessor having resided there upwards of half a century, being a bachelor of retired habits and very few wants, had omitted to raise his tithes with few and slight variations from his original setting. But, he added, my parishioners now see the justice of my claims, and one and all acknowledge themselves perfectly satisfied. The method I took was this. In the first instance, I gave them verbal notice, as we met in the village, that at their first payment of tithe to me (which I should accept at the old rate), I would endeavor to agree with them severally for the time to come without the assistance or interference of any third person. The day at length arrived, and fresh agreements were entered into with very little trouble or altercation. The last man who came into the room was old Tim White, and, hobbling up to the table by which I was seated, he placed his hat upon the carpet, made a low bow, and drew, with some little difficulty, from his pocket, and presented to me, a whity-brown paper parcel, which, on examining, I found to contain thirteen shillings and sixpence. As soon as the old man was satisfied I had counted it, he said, "That, I think your Honor will find quite right."—"Quite so, Master White," I observed, "and I trust the little addition that I shall charge you in future (for I see you have nine acres of arable land in my parish) will be equally right in your opinion: next year you must make it even money, and pay me a pound."—"A well, Sir," exclaimed Tim, "I knows I must pay what you axt, but if you knew the state that land was in *when I first took it*, and the labor and expense I have been at to get it to what 'tis now, mayhap you would think that thirteen and sixpence is enough."—"Pray how long have you had it in your occupation?" I ventured to inquire. The old one scratched his wrinkled front, and after a few minutes' pause said, "Why, your Honor, if I live till next Michaelmas-day I shall have held it *fifty-one* years." "Well then, Tim," I answered, "if you hold it fifty-one years longer you shall only pay thirteen and sixpence."

THE RENT DAY.—TALE III.

As I entered the church-yard the funeral procession was returning, the last carriage was beyond the gate, and around the open sepulchre, besides the sexton and the bricklayer, was a little ragged group of women and children, such as are generally congregated at country funerals from mere curiosity. I partook of the feeling, and approached the grave. From the portals of that tomb which were now about to be closed upon its new inmate, to my astonishment walked forth an aged pair, whose appearance bespoke them in that happy station of life which is free from the cares of either poverty or riches. At a respectful distance they had followed the procession to the church, and had now been to pay what they felt was a religious duty and parting respect to the remains of their friend and benefactress. The old man was dressed in a drab coat of the fashion of the last century, with cut steel buttons, yellow leather breeches, and wore buckles in his shoes; the only funeral emblem about him was a large crape hat-band, which had never been taken from the drawer till this day, since he followed to the grave his last child some twenty years previous. The partner of his sorrows had on a somewhat faded black silk gown and bonnet, once the property of the deceased: she had a large prayer-book which fastened with brass clasps in her hand. The sexton told me it was old Will Robinson and his wife, who had formerly lived servants at the Hall, and who now for some years past had rented a cottage and a few acres of land on the estate of Madame Aston, whose funeral was just over. He added, 'twas believed that the Colonel, her son, would now reside upon the estate, as he was returned safe from the wars; but folks said he seemed a very proud gentleman, and they feared he would not be half so good as his mother.

It was about three years from this period that I was staying at a friend's house with a party, and amongst the guests was this Colonel Aston, of whom the sexton had spoken. We were walking round the grounds by ourselves one morning, and on his mentioning his place of residence, and telling me of some projected alterations, I ventured to ask him if there were still such persons remaining in the parish as the aged couple who had so strongly interested my feelings in their welfare. "To be sure there are," said the Colonel, in a tone which assured me my question was not *contretems*: "and I can tell you a tale of them that indeed might serve as a lesson to all those who seek happiness from money alone. You are aware that I had been absent many years on service, and only returned in time to receive my mother's blessing. A few days after her funeral I sauntered out for a little air, and bent my steps towards Robinson's cottage, to see how the old fellow was, for he has danced me on his knee a thousand times in my days of infancy. On arriving opposite his garden-gate (which stood open), I perceived him busy in digging, with his back to me, and, unperceived by him, I walked close up, and remained a few moments before I said, "So, Will, I see you are still hard at it." The old man was somewhat startled, and facing round he touched his hat, and said, "What may be your pleasure, Sir?"—"Will," said I, "don't you know me?" He now scraped his foot upon the edge of his spade, and passing the back of his hand across his eyes to remove the few straggling white hairs that might obstruct his view, he passed a most scrutinizing look at me from head to foot, and then answered, "Indeed no, Sir," and was about to resume his labors. "And you really don't know Master Henry!" He struck his spade into the ground with a sort of convulsive jerk, as if he intended it to remain there for ever; and then, after another searching look, he exclaimed, "The Lord ha' mercy! Master Henry! you who used to be so plump and rosy, and so merry-looking! ah, you remember how my lady *and I* begged you not to go for a sodger." My morning call, "continued the Colonel, "lasted longer, and passed much pleasanter, than those unmeaning ceremonies which one is obliged to endure generally do, notwithstanding I was compelled to take two pinches of high-dried Welsh from old Nelly's box, and drink a cup of mead. On parting I said, "You won't forget the Rent-day (which was then drawing nigh), you will dine at the Hall as usual."—"With God's leave, your honor," said Robinson, "I'll be there: I've never missed it (twice a year) since I can remember." The day arrived, and old Will was walking about the stable-yard long before any of the other tenants had made their appearance; and I ordered him into my study, and directed the servant to tell him that I wanted to see him on particular business. The old man stood up to receive me as I entered; and a yellow canvas purse was in his hand ready to yield up the contents. Appearing to take very little notice of him, I continued pacing up and down the room with

serious looks for some minutes, and then throwing myself in a chair, and taking a book in my hand, I said, "I have sent for you into this room to tell you (painful as it is) that you can no longer continue a tenant of mine: circumstances have occurred which prevent the possibility of it." His florid color was now exchanged for a pallid sickly hue, and he seized on the edge of the table with an iron grip; his mouth was open, but he could not speak. At length he exclaimed, 'What has your Honor heard? who has done this ill to me? leave my cottage! God's will be done! but I had hoped that that roof would have sheltered my old dame and me till we were laid in the moulds, and that day, your Honor will see, is not now far distant. 'Tis not that I have not wherewithal to find another house (thanks to the bounty of your Honor's family!); but not another home, not another home, Colonel, in the wide world. There's only one tree in the garden that I did not myself plant, and many's the shrub and flower that are placed there by your lady mother's own hand; and to see a stranger there! oh, your Honor, I mean no offence, but if double the rent will do"—and he gasped for breath. "Robinson," I continued, "I have told you that you can no longer be a tenant of mine, and I will now tell you the reason—because the property is now your own: my mother has bequeathed it to you and your wife for your lives;" and, taking the old man's hand, I added, "long may you live to enjoy it!" This announcement proved for a time the harder trial of the two, and he seemed in a perfect agony till he had sat down and cried like a child. The first words he uttered were, "What! the cottage, and the garden, and the five acres of land, all mine and Nelly's?" and this he continued muttering as he walked out of the room. At the dinner-table he took his accustomed seat, but seemed restless; he could not eat, upset his plate, and when the time came that he was called upon to sing the "Squire's neck or nothing," which he had done in honor of my father's equestrian fame for nearly sixty successive years, he could not remember two lines following, and went home at least an hour before his usual time. It took me more than two years," continued the Colonel, "to arrange my affairs, and I was again absent: during this period my rents had been collected by my agent. At length I returned, and am, as you know, now settled in the halls of my fathers. Amongst the first in the neighborhood to pay me a visit were old Will and his wife: they came to me one morning about a month since, and informed me the purport of their errand was to beg a great favor of me. On my requesting to know what it was they wished for, the old man spoke as follows:—'Why, your Honor, Nelly and I hope you will take us on tenants again: we have not been so happy and comfortable like ever since we ha'nt belon ged *to nobody*. We have neither child nor relation in the world, and we have put a little money by every week for rent, as we have always been accustomed to do, and 'tis no use to us, your Honor: so pray, your Honor, take it, and let us be again your tenants, for we don't feel half the pleasure in our lives since we left off looking forward to our frolic on the Rent-day.'" HARRY FLIGHT, *Exor.*

London Old Sporting Mag. for June, 1836.

PORTRAITS OF NOTORIOUS CHARACTERS.

THE THEATRICAL LESSEE.

The theatrical lessee is a practical logician. Being destitute of money, he enters into contracts, binding himself to pay some fifty thousand pounds per annum; being equally destitute of morals, he undertakes to provide rational entertainment for a "discerning public." Peculiarly innocent of all idea of the uses and objects of the stage, he resolves upon taking the drama under his special protection. In short, having nothing to lose, he determines to risk all he is worth; being *Dogberry*, he becomes constable of the watch, as the most "desartless man." He regards Shakspeare as an author properly honored in having his statue erected *outside* the theatre; he confesses that if "Hamlet" were now to be offered him, an entirely new play, he would not produce it—unless, perhaps, the author undertook to appear as the Ghost. As an indifferently bad actor, even Shakspeare would have a claim upon him. He evinces his understanding of the scope and principle of the drama, when he observes, "We don't want *literature*, we want *pieces*."—He objects to all productions that have much "talk" in them; they only tend to encourage high-priced actors. First-rate performers he looks upon as necessary evils, and he engages them, one at a time, at short intervals; third-rates are his favorites, because they show by their acting that the "regular drama" sends people to sleep, they *prove* that Shakspeare "don't draw!" That is the only point which he conscientiously struggles to establish—that the public despises excellence; and upon the truth of his proposition *his* chance of being tolerated depends.

He may, however, be brought to forgive an actor for being a genius, always providing that he is not likewise a gentleman; the actor who introduces gentlemanly habits into the theatre is supposed to offer a personal insult to the lessee. In like manner he resents, as becomingly as he can, the impertinent superiority of the few ladies of his company who obstinately maintain the singularity of unsullied virtue: purity of character he considers to be a disgrace to his establishment. His remonstrance is,—"I may as well shut up my theatre at once, if common decency is to be observed." The interests of the stage require that every pretty actress should listen to honorable green-room proposals, and submit to a change of viscounts occasionally, at the suggestion, and for the accommodation of the lessee. The qualifications of an actress are thought to depend upon the question—not "what she can do?" but—"whose cab brought her to the theatre?" The actor he engages on the strength of his lungs, the actress on the strength of her legs. If compelled by perverse fortune, to bome to terms with the first tragedian of the day, and to engage him for the entire season, the lessee resorts to every imaginable expedient of personal and professional annoyance, of low insult and irritation, to drive him from the theatre in disgust, just at the moment when the example of his high name and the exercise of his fine genius are supposed to be no longer essentially requisite. He begins by "biting his thumb" to provoke, and ends by biting the finger of the irritated. If we take the portrait of the Lessee in another attitude, we find him instructing counsel to prove him "a rogue and a vagabond according to act of Parliament,"—proclaiming himself a violator of the law, in having acted forbidden tragedies and comedies, and showing that the man who had lent him the purchase-money can have no partnership in the profits of illegality. The lessee closes the house for his own advantage and accommodation, and stops one-third of the company's salary; he replies to the general remonstrance, however, with the assurance that all who demand it shall be paid—and those who ask find him better than his word, for he not only discharges their claims but them also. The lessee has one favorite plan—to reduce salaries when business falls off; he has another favorite plan—to forget to raise them again when business revives. His statesmanship consists in making his actors take share in his losses, and not in his gains. His idea of attraction is opposed to every law of physics: for, when his audiences are scanty, he thinks his company too numerous; the public will not come, and he proceeds to discharge some of the actors; his treasury is low, and he takes decisive steps to diminish the receipts. A blank box-book suggests to him the propriety, not of adding to, but of lessening the attraction; when a forty-horse power is not enough, says the lessee, a thirty must be tried. The lessee's sayings and doings all tend consistently to one point—all tend to lower public taste, to taint public morals, to lessen public amusement; to subvert the stage, to degrade the actor, to destroy the very profession; to dishonor the drama, to repress imagination, and dry up the springs of human sympathy; to make the existing generation scoff where their fathers admired and reverenced, and to render a noble and humanizing art a mere convenience for ignorant pretension, licentious intrigue, and sordid speculation.

THE "OLDEST INHABITANT."

The Oldest Inhabitant's mind is a blank memorandum-book—his head is a wallet "wherein he puts alms for oblivion." His experience convinces him, more and more every day, that London is situated on the banks of the Lethe. Ask him for the date of an event, and, if of modern occurrence, he has a distinct recollection of having forgotten it; if referable to a remoter period, he forgets whether he remembers it or not. He knows that he is of an ancient family, but cannot, for his life, tell what has become of his ancestors; he conjectures with much shrewdness that his forefathers must be dead. His father, who was a soldier, had been, he thinks, in the same regiment with the celebrated Captain Shandy, and knew him well. His crest is a fore-finger with a piece of thread tied round it, his motto, "Non mi ricordo." He thinks he can recollect having seen his grandmother when she was a little girl, and is quite positive that his parents died *without issue*. He is puzzled to know when, where, and how he acquired possession of a daughter: and conceives that his son must now be quite old enough to be his own father. He, however, distinctly remembers the events of his boyhood; the name of the head master of Christ's hospital in those days was the Rev. Cornelius Nepos; one of his schoolfellows was called Alcibiades; he is not certain that Julius Cæsar was in the same class with himself, but he has a vague notion that they were a good deal in each other's company. He is confident that he passed a considerable portion of his time, when a lad, at a place called Troy—though he cannot now call to mind the county in which it is situate. Among the minor matters that perplex him is the circumstance, that one corner of his pocket-handkerchief is always *tied in a knot*, and he never can tell why. His memory belongs rather to the past century than to the present. Of all the days in the year yesterday perplexes him most; old events are newest in his mind, the past brightens as it grows remote, and, as he facetiously remarks, he can hardly get a glimpse of Time till he is out of sight. Thus—he cherishes a settled conviction that her Majesty Queen Anne has actually departed this life; although on the tenth of last November he was wholly at a loss to guess why the Lord Mayor's show (at which he was present) was put off the day before. Of all public characters of the past generation, he best remembers the person of *Junius*. Robinson Crusoe he never saw but once, and cannot speak as to the accuracy of his portraits. He has a lively sense of the excitement created by the shocking murder of Mrs. Brownrigg, who was hanged in a coalhole by her two infamous apprentices: and tells you of the public sympathy which formerly existed in favor of a young man named Gregory Barnwell, who was inhumanly stabbed by his own uncle at Peckham. He is also quite clear in the matter of Warren Hastings, only he is not positive whether that gentleman was tried, or transported for seven years. The latest London event of any note which he unhesitatingly remembers, is the grand gathering in the City, when the Allied Sovereigns, with the veteran Blucher and the Duke of Marlborough, dined with Sir Richard Whittington in Guildhall. Indeed, there are few events which he would not be able to recollect, if he could but call them to mind. His memory has but one defect, a want of retentiveness. Yet, after all, he remembers Garrick's maiden speech in Parliament, and retains his first impression of the inimitable beauty of Munden's Macbeth. His health is often drunk in the City: this is spoiling a fine compliment; they should drink—his *memory!*

THE EDITOR.—(BY ONE.)

The Editor is the dupe of Destiny. His lot was knocked down to him a bargain, and it turns out to be a take-in. His land of promise is a moving bog. His bed of roses is a high-backed chair stuffed with thorns. His laurel wreath is a garland of nettles. His honors resolve themselves into a capital hoax; his pleasures are heavy penalties; his pride is the snuff of a candle; his power, but volumes of smoke. The Editor is the most ill-starred man alive. He, and he alone—the ten thousand pretenders about town notwithstanding—is indeed the identical martyr commonly talked of as the Most Ill-used Individual. He seems to govern opinion, and is in reality a victim to the opinions of others. He incurs more than nine-tenths of the risk and responsibility, and reaps less than one-tenth of the reward and reputation. The defects of his work are liberally assigned to him—the merits of it are magnanimously imputed to his correspondents. If a bad article appear, the Editor is unsparingly condemned; if a brilliant one be inserted, Anonymous carries off the eulogium. The editorial function is supposed to consist "in the substitution of *if it be* for *if it is*, and the insertion of the word *however* here and there, to impede the march of a fine style." Commas and colons are the points he is reputed to make—his niche of fame is merely a parenthesis—he is but a note of admiration to genius! His life is spent in ushering Clever people into deserved celebrity; he sits, as charioteer, outside the vehicle, in which Prodigious Talents are driven to immortality. It is his fortune to insert all his Contributors in the temple of glory, and to exclude himself "for want of space." He is always to "go in," but expires unpublished at last. He bestows present popularity on thousands, without securing posthumous renown as his own share. His career in this life is a tale of mystery—"to be continued in the next." He is only thought of when things go wrong in the journal. Curiosity then looks out at the corners of its eyes, and with brows and lips pursed-up, querulously ejaculates "Who *is* he?" If, by any chance, praise instead of censure should be meditated, the wrong man is immediately mentioned. People are only certain of their editor when they design to horsewhip him. Is there a bright passage or two in an indifferent article, you may be sure they are *not* indebted for their polish to the editorial pen. Is there a dull phrase or a harsh period in some favorite contribution?—Oh! the Editor has altered it, or neglected to revise the press! But if the Editor is abused for what he inserts, he is twice-abused for what he rejects. It is a curious feature of his destiny, that if he strikes out but a single line of an article, whether in verse or prose, that very line is infallibly the crowning beauty of the production. It is not a little odd, that when he declines a paper, that paper is sure to be by far the best thing its author ever wrote. Accepted articles may be bad; rejected ones are invariably good. It is admitted that judgment is the first essential for an editorship, and it is at the same time insisted on, that judgment is exactly the quality which the Editor has not. An author is praised in a review—he is grateful to an individual writer, whose name he has industriously inquired for; an author is condemned in a review—he is unspeakably disgusted with the Editor. Week after week, month after month, the said Editor succors the oppressed, raises up the weak, applauds virtue, exalts talent—he pens or promulgates the praises of friends—of their books, pictures, acting, safety-lamps, and steam-paddles—but from the catalogue of golden names his own is an eternal absentee. Greater self-denial was not shown by the late Mr. Massingham of Drury lane, who held office in the theatre for nearly forty years without once witnessing play or farce! Being solely responsible, the Editor is compelled not only to review, but even to *read*, new volumes. There is another peculiarity in his condition. Of all the MSS. that come before him, it is his fate to peruse only those which will least repay the trouble. Observe; a contributor writes nonsense ten times over, the articles are returned—he sends one much better, it is inserted—a third exhibits a striking improvement—a fourth contains touches of genius—a few more papers are written and accepted, and their author has won a character for assured and established excellence of composition. *It is superfluous to read further.* Of so masterly a style, not another specimen need be perused. The Editor can rely upon his Contributor. His productions were read while they were worthless or indifferent, but they are now so admirable, so full of thoughts "that give delight and hurt not," that to inspect any more such MSS. would be clearly a waste of time. May it be so with ours! † †

London New Monthly for June.

A RHYME ON THE BOILER DECK!

BY JOSEPH M. FIELD, HISTRION.

Up broad Ohio's stream we go,
Up broad Ohio's stream;
The midnight waters are dark below,
But above the bright stars beam;
And the woods, though a deep'ning shade they throw,
Are lit with the fire flies' beam.

"Fire up, fire up," we are rushing on,
With a Dragon's mouth of flame;
And ev'ry wreath of our steamy breath,
Seems a shout of wild acclaim!
Each dark hill flies, and as others arise,
We spurn them just the same.

Sleep on, oh sin! ye sluggards within,
Ye reck not of this delight:
There's not a soul to dispute control,
Of this "witching time of night;"
And let "church-yards yawn," I'll salute the dawn,
Ere my fancy tires in flight.

Look 'neath the gloom of yon tow'ring bluff,
The "Fat," and its watch-fire blaze:
And the sleeping boatmen, all rude and rough,
Reclined in the wavy haze;
Heaven aye to me be as mild a roof,
A careless wanderer prays.

Yet home! Oh yes, 'tis a thought most blest,
But the *young ones!* such cares they bring:
Ev'ry bird to be sure, doth mate and nest,
However wild of wing;
Yet birds have no bills to pay, and pest,
Which makes it another thing!

I'm fond of the dears 'tis true, oh yes,
And the dears are fond of me;
And some day or other some dear I'll bless,
And a *dear* blessing it will be!
For a hungry love and a straw caress,
Is but so-so sport you see.

Hark! how each hill, with shuddering thrill,
Echoes our 'scaping steam:
As the fire-fed monster spouts it fill
Of rage, in a scalding stream;
Her iron nostrils rending chill,
Like an hungered Tiger's scream!

Oh for might! for an Eagle's wing!
Some word of Genii pow'r;
'Mid yon starry worlds to soar and sing,
Now and then for a pleasant hour!
But I've heard *Mrs. Wood* and her spells, dear thing,
I tell you are not much *slower*."

To be sure the Gothamites, bless them all,
Have mobb'd them by way of a "go;"
For a couple of years they raised a *squall*,
'Till WEBB thought he'd raise a *blow!*
Yet an hundred thousand or so's not small,
Blow away and be d——d, says "*Joe!*"

Hurrah for Jackson! Hurrah for White!
Little Van and *Tippicanoe!*
Hurrah for Texas, and Houston's fight!
Michigan and Arkansas too:
Hurrah! French gold turned to *Eagles* bright,
And the *skyest* that ever flew.

Hurrah! here the mists come sweeping now,
The morning's congealed breath;
Each twinkling ray hath ceased to glow,
In the chilling and vap'ry wreath,
Good night—for to catch an idea or so,
I'm not willing to catch my death.

OHIO RIVER, July, 1836. Louisville City Gazette.

William the Fourth, who has signified the interest which he takes in the name of Shakspeare by a liberal subscription to the fund for restoring the poet's monument, has permitted Mr. George Jones to dedicate to him the first "Annual Oration upon the Genius of Shakspeare," as delivered by that gentleman at the recent jubilee at Stratford. It is written in a style well calculated to gratify and to stimulate those feelings of enthusiasm by which the celebration of the poet's birth-day was characterized. London Court Journal.

THE DRAMA IN PARIS.

Every day fresh proofs of the propriety of the grave reflection, that "people repair to the theatre with no better intention than that of being amused." The complaint is equally characteristic of Paris and London. The Chamber of Deputies, following the example of the legislature in Brussels, has been occupied at two sittings in discussions relative to the drama, to the sums necessary for its present support, and to the decay of intellectual taste in the city of cities. We are particularly bound to lament whatever is bad in the taste of the citizens of Paris, because their taste is sure to affect ours. We deeply regret the production of vulgar, immoral, and monstrous caricatures of nature upon the French stage, because it is our fate to see them translated for our own theatres, as fast as they are invented. As the French drama therefore so intimately, and we must add so fatally, affects ours, the government regulations for its support are objects of some interest to us The tone and result of the discussions in the Chamber do not afford any hope of a speedy amendment. The debate turned upon an article of the Budget—the grant of 1,300,000 francs as an allowance to the Royal theatres, and the pension fund of the opera. Upon this an objection was taken to the privileges enjoyed by the Italian company, which received a government allowance of 70,000 francs, besides having a large building and dependencies, the rent of which was estimated at more than 80,000 francs. The Committee had proposed a reduction of 8,000 francs on the salary of the Commissioner for the Opera Comique, in order that the government allowance to the Theatre Français might be augmented. It was also proposed to withdraw the sum of 60,000 francs from the government allowance made in favor of the Opera Comique, and transfer it to the Theatre Français. This found many supporters, and on the other hand it was opposed as placing the former theatre in an exceptional position, as the provincial theatres derive the greatest benefit from the dramatic pieces brought forward there. The style and character of the representations at the Theatre Français, were also freely animadverted upon. The President of the Council contended that government was not to be made answerable for the bad taste of the dramatic works produced at that theatre. The public were incessantly craving for novelty, and the standard plays of the old classic authors, such as Corneille, Moliere, &c., were now played to empty benches. Were no other works than those of the great authors to be performed on the boards of the Theatre Français, a government allowance of at least 100,000 francs would be required for that theatre alone. This result ought not to be imputed as a fault to the government, but should be attributed to the taste of the public. But with all deference to the President, it is for the Government nevertheless to control and correct that taste. It was remarked that the actors at the Theatre Français were scantily remunerated. Three of them received from 9,000 to 10,000 francs per annum; the rest 5,000, 6,000, 7,000, and 8,000 francs per annum, and were obliged to pay for the costumes out of their salaries, which led to an annual expense of 1,500 to 2,000 francs. Ultimately the vote was agreed to, without legislative interference as to its application; but we are gravely informed that "the question was succeeded by considerable agitation, and the sitting was suspended for some minutes, at the expiration of which several Hon. Deputies quitted the Chamber." The press has likewise caught the agitation. The *Impartial* cruelly reminds us that the dramatic art in London is at its lowest pitch—that there is no theatre where Shakspeare's plays can be performed—and that bad as the Parisian taste may be, there is no comparison between the dramatic condition of the two countries. This is severe—and not quite true; for we do get a *Hunchback* and an *Ion* now and then—we have angel-visits of splendid dramas at certain intervals—and as for the rest, we "take them *from the French*." With respect to musical art, says the *Impartial*, it never existed in London. The *Courier Francais* observes, that in a country like France, the duty of keeping up the theatres necessarily devolves upon the Government—there being no aristocracy, as there is in England, to support it. Having this aristocracy, we must hope to have the drama again in all its glory. London Court Journal.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTREAL GAZETTE.

GOOD BREEDING.

Sir,—I submit to your favorable consideration, for the purpose of insertion in your useful paper, when you may find room for it, and you approve of it, the following extract on the subject of "Good Breeding," taken from a periodical work now publishing in London, which I think will be interesting to some of your readers, who may be admirers of that attractive and invaluable quality so highly exemplified in the present quotation.

"A gentleman is a Christian in spirit that will take a polish—the rest are but plated wares, and however excellent their fashion, rub them more or less, and the base metal will appear through.

"An Englishman making the grand tour, towards the middle of the last century, when travellers were more the objects of attention than at present, on arriving at Turin, sauntered out to see the place. He happened to meet a regiment of infantry returning from parade, and taking a position to see it pass, a young Captain, evidently desirous to make a display before the stranger, in crossing one of the numerous water courses with which the city is intersected, missed his footing, and in trying to save himself, lost his hat. The exhibition was truly unfortunate—the spectators laughed, and looked at the Englishman, expecting him to laugh too; on the contrary, he not only retained his composure, but promptly advanced to where the hat rolled, and taking it up, presented it with an air of unaffected kindness to its confused owner. The officer received it with a blush of surprise and gratitude, and hurried to rejoin his company—there was a murmur of applause, and the stranger passed on; though the scene of a moment, and without a word spoken, it touched every heart, not with admiration for a mere display of politeness, but with a warmer feeling for a proof of that true charity 'which never faileth.' On the regiment being dismissed, the Captain, who was a young man of consideration, in glowing terms related the circumstance to his Colonel,—the Colonel immediately mentioned it to the General in command; and when the Englishman returned to his hotel, he found an aid-de-camp waiting to request his company to dinner at head-quarters. In the evening he was carried to court—at that time, as Lord Chesterfield tells us, the most brilliant court in Europe—and was received with particular attention. Of course, during his stay at Turin, he was invited everywhere; and on his departure was loaded with letters of introduction to the different States of Italy. Thus, a private gentleman of moderate means, by a graceful impulse of Christian feeling, was enabled to travel through a foreign country, then of the highest interest for its society, as well as for the charm it still possesses, with more real distinction and advantage than ever can be derived from the mere circumstance of birth and fortune, even the most splendid."

Three Rivers, July 14. A SUBSCRIBER.

A FUNNY AFFAIR.

Mr. John Dillon, an eminent dentist in Hudson-street, New-York, whose manners and appearance, the Journal of Commerce says, "betokened one who was accustomed to good living, and its general attendant, good society; in a word, that he moved in the ranks of the opulent and respectable," was brought into Court on Thursday, to answer to the suit of a poor old woman, dressed in the apparel of an Irish peasantress, whose manners and address were equally coarse and vulgar as her scanty covering, and who claimed him as her husband. It appeared in evidence, that Mr. and Mrs. Dillon married *for love* some five and twenty years since, in Ireland, when Mr. D. was a common laboring man, and Mrs. D. a buxom peasantress of some nineteen or twenty years of age, possessing the snug fortune of a pretty face and thirty-two pounds sterling. About a year and a half after this event, John got tired of digging ditches, and, with very little ceremony, widowed his young wife by taking passage for America, and leaving her to provide for herself, and, of course, a *little pledge*. In about seventeen or eighteen years Mrs. D. learned with surprise that her faithless husband was not only alive and well, but in the receipt of a very handsome income from his profession of a dentist. Mrs. D. forthwith despatched her daughter to New-York, who found her father with a second wife, whom he had married at Hartford. He took her into his family as a servant, and charged her not to *peach*.—The temptation proved, however, too strong for the girl's restraining grace, and for blabbing the truth to Mrs. Dillon the second, she was posted back to Ireland, to Mrs. Dillon the first, with all possible speed. In about two years she returned to New-York, bringing with her a husband whom she had married in the interim, and applied to her father to abandon his present course of life, and do something for the plaintiff, his first love. His flat refusal did not discourage her—for, with her husband's assistance, she soon saved money enough to pay the old lady's passage over the big pond, which having been remitted to her, she forthwith made her appearance in Gotham about six weeks ago, and in *propria personæ* made a claim on her husband for a restitution of conjugal rights, or a separate maintenance; and on his refusal, she summoned him to the Police Office, where he was ordered to find bail to answer the very serious charge against him. The Journal of Commerce, from whose report we gather these facts, says—It would be difficult indeed to bring together two human beings whose appearance formed so strong and extraordinary a contrast as that of the well-fed, well-looking, well-dressed gentleman sitting inside the desk, and the apparently half-starved, miserably apparelled woman standing outside it. They seemed in fact to be the very antipodes of civil society. Boston Post.

Sir Andrew Agnew is a good deal gravelled at the circumstance of the late eclipse taking place on a Sunday, which he is quite unable to reconcile with the reverence due to the sacredness of the day. He is astonished, if we may without profaneness say so, that Heaven should not have so ordered the "spheres" as to prevent a "collision" occurring on the Sabbath. What makes matters worse, it happened at a time when divine service ought to have begun, thereby adding considerably to the flagrant violation of that holy day; since thousands, it may be millions, of sinners, instead of confessing and repenting of their transgressions in sackcloth at the different churches, were peering at the blessed sun through smoked glasses and ungodly telescopes. All this, Sir Andrew conceives, might have been prevented, by the postponement of the eclipse till Monday, and he is quite correct. The fact is certainly strange, mysterious, and inscrutable—we advise the pious baronet to make further inquiries on the subject.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 6, 1836.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

After an interval of several weeks a squadron of foreign packets have arrived in this port. The *Caledonia* and *Roscoe*, from Liverpool, the *Westminster*, from London, another from Havre, with several other fast sailing ships from British ports having all arrived within about twenty-four hours, we are overwhelmed with foreign letters and papers, and have given up a large portion of our paper to-day to their contents. The trial of Norton *vs.* Melbourne, and the unsuccessful attempt upon the life of Louis Phillippe, are the most fruitful themes of remark in the papers before us. We have received the minutes of Lord Melbourne's Trial for *Crim. Con.* from our Liverpool Correspondent, and should have given it this week but that its length would have excluded everything else in our paper. In the large London papers it occupies from sixteen to twenty-four columns. Among the passengers in the *Caledonia*, were Messrs. RICHARD and GEORGE TATTERSALL, sons of the proprietor of the well known sporting establishment of that name in London.

GREEN-ROOM INTELLIGENCE.

PARK.—Mr. SIMPSON had a grand benefit last Friday week, when he appeared as *Young Rapid*. He seems like old wine to have improved with age, and kept the house in exuberant spirits. At the fall of the curtain, being universally called for, he came forward, and made a very neat and pertinent acknowledgment, which was responded to most cordially. There was quite a jam of "the good old folks" out on this occasion, who seldom muster except when Mr. Simpson is "booked for a benefit." We need not say that the utmost enthusiasm prevailed. May they live a thousand years, every mother's son of them!

Mrs. LEWIS and Mrs. SHAW have concluded their engagements. Both are very clever, and the former improves greatly upon acquaintance. Her dancing is "bang up," as Lord Chesterfield might have said.

Nothing new has transpired relative to the star engagements at the Park next season. Mr. and Mrs. Keeley and Mrs. Austin, are the only new people we have heard mentioned. When the management does "flare up," we shall see—"I beg you wouldn't mention it!"

NATIONAL THEATRE.—The superb structure at the corner of Church and Leonard streets, erected for the Italian Opera, will be thrown open to the public as the *National Theatre*, on Thursday, the 1st of Sept., by Messrs. Flynn and Willard. Classic in model, and perfectly *recherche* and beautiful in embellishment and finish, the National Theatre challenges admiration as the most tasteful and elegant temple of the Drama in the United States. Though inferior in size alone to Caldwell's mammoth theatre in New Orleans, the National, at the Park prices, (which will be adopted,) will hold very nearly $2000. As considerable interest is manifested in relation to this establishment, which seems destined to exercise no little influence upon the Drama in this country, we have taken pains to acquaint ourselves with the facts in the premises.

Several material improvements have been made by the present lessees upon the theatre and properties. The stalls and balcony seats in the pit have been thrown open, and the whole made uniform; the seats are cushioned with blue damask, and all are sofa-backed. The orchestra remains undisturbed, with a private box on each extremity; the three private boxes on each side, under the first tier, and opposite the pit, also remain as before, for "parties that seeing are unseen." The passage between the pit and boxes is closed up, and the entrance to the pit is now from Leonard street.

The lower tier is now divided into twenty boxes; the benches are four deep all around; the seats all cushioned and backed as formerly. The second tier, formerly divided into private boxes, has been thrown open, with the exception of three boxes on each side, which are splendidly furnished and festooned as before. The third tier has also been thrown open in the centre, with a division, (similar to that in the 4th tier at the Park,) between that tier and the gallery, there being no "Shakspeare" to the National. The room lost from this circumstance is made up by three large and beautiful proscenium boxes on each side, while the benefit to sound is such that a whisper on the stage can be distinctly heard in the most remote parts of the house.

Jutting out from the old proscenium on the stage is an addition of about eight feet, in which the stage doors are placed. The advantages of this arrangement are manifest, as there is now ample room for the prompter and property-man, without encumbering the stage, besides sufficient for a large proscenium box on each side, level with the first tier. To preserve a unity of proportions, consequent upon the addition to the proscenium, a slab of equal width spans the stage, resting upon entablatures in keeping with those heretofore erected, and more superb architraves we never saw. The whole is fancifully painted and gilded to match the proscenium.

The interior of the house has been re-painted throughout; the immense saloons, dressing rooms, etc., are white, and the walls fronting the stage a pale blue. Every seat in the house is cushioned and backed. The saloons are fitted up with great splendor; the ottomans, damask curtains, carpets, and furniture being of the richest description. The Green Room and the dressing rooms appropriated to Stars, are nearly on a level with the stage, while the rooms for the company in the 2d and 3d stories are to a proverb convenient.

It will be recollected that the scenery of the Italian Opera company rolled up and down; but under the present management, the scenery, which is entirely new, will slide horizontally, as at the other city theatres. The better portion of the Opera dresses have been retained, and great additions are being made to them by a host of mantuamakers and tailors. The saloons are filled with these people, while the stage is monopolized by painters, carpenters, property men and artistes.

The enterprising managers having taken steps to "set their house in order," have not been unmindful of the one thing needful—a good company. While Willard is secretary of the home department, Flynn has gone abroad as a "National" Ambassador extraordinary. His engagements in England have not been very extensive, but are such, that with those at home, his company will combine the requisites which go to ensure to his theatre good houses, and to the public, the worth of their money. At the head of the company stand JOHN R. SCOTT and Mrs. FLYNN, while Ambroise (Master Burke's tutor) leads the orchestra, which promises to be full and effective, consisting at present of Nidds, Aupick, and Kyle, (from the Park); Trust, the harpist, and Christian, clarionet, from the Tremont.

Of Stars, the National Theatre has a most brilliant galaxy engaged. At the head is Miss CLIFTON, who opens the house in the character of *Belvidera*. If the opinions of British critics are worth anything, she is at the head of the profession there, as much as her rehearsals, since her return from Europe, induce us to believe, that since Fanny Kemble's withdrawal, she has no rival here. BOOTH and WALLACK are likewise engaged, as well as CELESTE, Mrs. and Miss WATSON, and FINN. Nor do we stop here. In all probability the most attractive star on the stage—a native actor, as eminent in his line as Miss Clifton is proved to be in hers—is, ere this, added to the lustrous constellation alluded to above—we refer to EDWIN FORREST, now in London, to whom the managers of the National offer his own terms! Lightly as the histrionic talent of our country has been held, we have the unbounded satisfaction of knowing, that overcoming all prejudices, two of our native artists are, at this moment, more attractive, and can command better engagements, both abroad and at home, than any actor or actress on the British stage.

BOWERY.—The "great feature" of the Bowery the coming season, will be Mr. Blakeley, Mr. Jim Crow having incontinently "cut his stick." Miss CUSHMAN is the only star yet engaged. Mrs. Sharpe leads the business; Hackett plays the Yankee, and Hamblin the Devil. Barton and Eaton are starring there now to tol-lollish sort of houses.

FRANKLIN.—Doing it up brown, about these days, eh, Mr. Dinneford? Full houses every night, and money in both pockets! That's your sort—push on, keep moving!

MRS. HAMBLIN'S THEATRE.—The little Richmond Hill is said to be "cutting it fat." Glad of it. Mrs. Hamblin is more of a man than eight tailors, and shall not be "sewed up" if we can help it.

A very fine young lady, of ripe talent, and great personal attractions, is expected to made her appearance at Old Drury next season.

Miss CHARLOTTE BARNES, having recovered from a recent indisposition, we look to see her engaged directly.

A grand dinner is to be given to Mr. GEORGE H. HILL, Comedian, at the City Hotel, on Monday next, by the friends of the Drama, Mr. H. being about to sail for Europe.

T. PLACIDE has been engaged by Ludlow to go South.

BARRY has engaged the pretty Miss McBRIDE, the *danseuse*, for next season. The Tremont opens next Monday. FORBES commences a star engagement there soon. He is said to be much improved by those who have lately seen him.

MR. DRAPER, of Hudson's News Room, we hear, has been appointed to the situation of Treasurer of the Bowery theatre, vice Willard, resigned, "to go on his own hook."

Miss WATSON takes a benefit at Niblo's next Monday night. Lots of attraction—every body going—will be married directly, and you see her now or never—pre-haps.

Mrs. McLEAN, one of the best representatives of genteel comedy, as she is one of the most beautiful, begins to be loudly called for. She must not leave the North without an engagement here.

☞ They *do* say that HORN'S Ordinary at the Custom House Hotel goes a leetle beyond the Yankees. Such a bill of fare as he sent us the other day would have thrown a Grahamite into hysterics, and the list of wines that accompanied it is quite intoxicating. Just look over the list on the last page. There's good old Madeira, Sherry, Claret, and Port for warm weather, Burgundy and Rhenish wines, and Champagne, that is quite unlike the *sham*-pagne made of Newark cider, that is sold—we know where! We should advise people to give Horn a call, but they have already filled his house so full from sill to rafter, that when a man is in a hurry to get away after dinner, he has to give the waiters a shilling to pull him out of the crowd with a patent corkscrew! Gen. Bennett is ready to "make an affidavy" to this, for he saw it!

Everybody is talking about MILFORT's new Salt Water Baths at New Brighton. It is said there are more beautiful women just now at the Belmont House than on all Staten Island!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The length of the letters from our European Correspondents has crowded out several communications as well as editorial articles. Three English packets having arrived on the same day, we are "crowded to death."

Two courses *are* fitting up at Camden, N J., and when one of them is completed it is conjectured that the Central Course, Baltimore, will be given up.

Robin Hood (now owned by Col. Crowell, of Fort Mitchell, Ala., where he "stood" this season) *has* run a first heat of two miles in 3m. 44s.: it was in the spring of 1833. De Witt Clinton, his competitor, was distanced, from not bringing his proper weight to the scales. In a match with Roman in 1834, a single mile, he won in 1m. 46s.

The time of Dutchman's two heats of as many miles, in harness, last spring, was 5m. 18 1-2s. and 5m. 17 1-2s., over the Centreville Course, L. I.

They are barking up the wrong tree who pretend Mr. Schols, "the special original," ever wronged a man intentionally. He is eccentric, we allow, but his heart's in the right place. If we quarrel with him personally, we will hear no one say aught against him behind his back. See his advertisements in another column. We have received a long letter from him, but it's too good for the Spirit of the Times.

An erroneous impression has gone abroad, that our promised *Theatrical Portraits* are to be bona fide engravings of some sort, though we have denied "the soft impeachment" some half dozen times. Once again we beg to state, that they are to be pen and ink sketches merely, on the plan of Galt's "Lives of the Players," or Cox's "Theatrical Portraits." Positively ladies and gentlemen, there is to be no engravings at all, at all.

P. W. Esq. of B., shall hear from us immediately, by letter, through the mail.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

DEAR SIR—I send you a few tales and anecdotes which I have picked up by the way—the thing to a *T*.—A young man, brought up in the city of London to the business of an undertaker, went to Jamaica, West Indies, to better his condition. Business flourished, and he wrote to his father in Bishopsgate-street to send him, with a quantity of black and grey cloths, twenty gross of black TACKS. Unfortunately he had omitted the top of his T, and the order stood twenty gross of black JACKS. His correspondent, on receiving the letter, recollected a man near Fleet-Market, who made quart and pint TIN POTS, ornamented with painting, and which were called *black Jacks*. The maker, surprised, said he had not so many ready, but would endeavor to complete the order; this was done, and the articles were shipped. The undertaker received them with other consignments, and was astonished at the mistake. A friend, fond of speculation, offered consolation by proposing to purchase the whole at the invoice price. The undertaker, glad to get rid of an article he considered useless in that part of the world, took the offer. His friend immediately advertised for sale a number of fashionable PUNCH VASES, just arrived from England, and sold the JACKS, gaining 200 *per cent.*

The young undertaker afterwards discoursing upon his father's blunder, was told by his friend, in a jocose strain, to order a gross of WARMING-PANS, and see whether the well-informed correspondent in London would have the sagacity to consider such articles necessary in the latitude of nine degrees north. The young man laughed at the suggestion, but really put in practice the joke. He desired his father, in his next letter, to send a gross of WARMING-PANS, which actually, and to the great surprise of the son, reached the *Island of Jamaica*.

What to do with this cargo he knew not. His friend again became a purchaser at prime cost, and, having knocked off the covers, informed the planters that he had just imported a number of newly constructed sugar ladles. The article under that name sold rapidly and returned a large profit. The parties returned to England with fortunes, and often told the story of the black jacks and warming pans over the bottle, adding, "that nothing is lost in a *good market!*"

EXTRAORDINARY RIDING.—In October, 1754, Lord Powerscourt having laid a wager with the Duke of Orleans, that he would ride on his own horses from Fontainbleau to Paris, which is forty-two English miles, in two hours, for one thousand *louis d'or*, the King's Guards cleared the way, which was lined with crowds of Parisians. He was to mount only three horses, but he performed the task on two, in one hour, thirty-seven minutes and thirty-two seconds. The horses through whom the wager was won, were both killed by the severity of the feat.

When Mr. Colman read his Opera of "Inkle and Yarico" to the late Dr. Mosley, the Doctor made no reply during the progress of the piece. At the conclusion, Colman asked him what he thought of it. "It won't do," said the Doctor—"stuff, nonsense." Every body else having been delighted with it, this disapprobation puzzled the circle; he was asked why? "I'll tell you why," answered the critic; "you say in the finale—

'Now let us dance and sing,
While all Barbadoes bells do ring.'

It won't do—there is but one bell in all the Island!"

BUTCHER'S HORSES.—Few things in a country life are more remarkable than the wild, triumphant, reckless speed with which a butcher's boy sweeps along the streets, and roads, and lanes, whether mounted or in a rumbling jolting cart, no accident ever happening, although it seems inevitable that the young gentleman must either kill or be killed (perhaps both) every day of his life. How the urchin manages, Heaven knows!—but they do contrive to get horses on in a manner that professed jockeys would envy, and with an appearance of ease to the animal, and an evident enjoyment to the rider, which produce sympathy rather than indignation in the lookers on. The following anecdote, (communicated by a friend), may serve to illustrate their peculiar dexterity in putting a steed on its mettle:—A gentleman of fortune, residing in Berkshire, who prides himself very highly on the superiority of his horses, was greatly struck by the trotting of a roadster, belonging to a butcher in the neighborhood. The owner, however, refused to part with the animal, till an offer of 70 guineas proved irresistible, and the gentleman mounted his prize in high glee. To his utter astonishment, however, the brute could not be prevailed upon to exceed an ordinary amble. Whip and spur were all in vain. For weeks he persevered in the hopeless attempt, and at last he went in despair to the butcher, rating him in good set terms for having practised an imposition. "Lord bless you, Sir," said the knight of the cleaver, "he can trot as well as ever. Here Tom," continued he, calling to his boy, "get on his back." The youngster was scarcely in the saddle, when off the pony shot like an arrow. "How the deuce is this?" inquired the astonished purchaser.—"Why he will trot just as fast with you," returned the butcher, chuckling, "*only you must carry the basket!*" I need hardly add, that the gentleman, not being able to comply with the condition, was forced to make the best bargain he could with the original proprietor of the steed. Devises Gazette.

The following are from Coleridge:—"Vivid impressions are too frequently mistaken by the young and ardent for clear conceptions." "A man who wishes for an *end*, the *means* of which are criminal, is chargeable with all the guilt."—"Quarrels of anger ending in tears are favorable to love in its spring-tide, as plants are found to grow very rapidly after a thunder storm with rain." "Martin Burney, a chemist, while earnestly explaining the three kinds of acids, was stopped by Charles Lamb, who said, "The best of all kinds of acid, however, as you know, Martin, is uity, assid uity."

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

LONDON, June 22, 1836.

I wish this were one day later—which if it were I should miss the packet—in order that I might communicate the result of the *crim. con.* trial, (Norton *versus* Melbourne,) which comes on to-day, in the Court of Common Pleas. Never, I venture to predict, was a court of justice more crowded in a *civil* case than will be that court this day. The ladies are prevented from being present, it is true, but there are such things as male disguises, and that there are, no one knows better than the noble defendant, whose wife (the late Lady Caroline Lamb) is said to have been with Lord Byron, on one occasion, for three weeks, disguised as his page!

A special jury will try this case, rendered important from the exalted station of the parties. It is not often that the Prime Minister of England is *caught* in such a net as Vulcan (saucy fellow) cast over the billing and cooing of Mars and Venus. The trial comes on early to-day, and if possible, I shall communicate the issue; but I repeat, it will not be over in time for my parcel, which must leave for Liverpool at post hour. The damages are laid at 10,000*l*. What the line of defence will be, is yet unknown. Lord Melbourne, I dare say, has too much gallantry to throw a yet deeper stain upon the character of Mrs. Norton, by an attempt to prove that *he* was not the only person who brushed the bloom from the fruit! The *Age* (which promises an extra sheet on Sunday, with the trial and all the correspondence,) hints that this *could* be done. Oddly enough, too, the *Age* defends Lord Melbourne, and attacks Norton. The defence is able, being *insinuated* rather than *direct*, and calculated to make a more permanent impression than if it had been argued. It must be borne in mind that the *Age*, until *this* case, has ever been the decided opponent of Lord Melbourne. What can have caused the change? Has the Premier found it wise to touch Charley Westmacott's palm with Treasury gold? The *Age* is not a journal to afford its really effective aid to any one, least of all to a political opponent, without some very *sterling* cause. Westmacott keeps a sort of character shop:—he will abuse you or praise you, in the *Age*, at so much a column. For, of all presses in the world, that of London is the most venal. It may be that none concentrates greater or more varied talent; but this talent is prostituted for money in the most shameful and shameless manner.

The Premier is said to have used very disrespectful words *relative to the King* in his letters to Mrs. Norton. If these letters are read in court, there will be something of a "sensation." The Bishop of London (Dr. Bloomfield) is said to have been one of Mrs. Norton's correspondents; and it is averred, that if Lord Melbourne's letters to her are read in court by the plaintiff, his Lordship will read the Bishop's epistles as a set-off! The Bishop is a Tory, and a saint to boot, so that the exposure is to be avoided, and *may* be, unless the Tory party (who are behind the curtain, on the side of the plaintiff), bring it on by reading his letters, in which—with due reverence be it spoken—the King is spoken of as "an old woman," "a fool who does not know his own mind for half an hour, and has no will of his own."

The letters are said to have been found in an open work-basket; it is hence argued that they contain nothing culpatory. I think this must not be assumed, because if innocence be suspicionless, *guilt is careless*, and carelessness often leads to detection.

Mrs. Norton has been on very intimate terms with Lady Francis Egerton, a lady of the most unblemished character. It is understood that Mrs. N. has written to her, saying, that, notwithstanding appearances, she is perfectly guiltless. Lady Egerton has shown this letter to many of her friends, and does not hesitate to express her belief in Mrs. Norton's statement. This has made a decided impression in her favor among the members of the *haut ton*, (if I may thus use the term,) and the odds have changed: they have been five to one against the lady's innocence; this morning, they are no more than two to one. This, by the way, is on the *verdict*. I would say, that the chances run, that in law, there is no sufficient proof of the guilt of the parties.

Mrs. Norton is a *very* beautiful woman—handsomer than even her sisters, Lady Seymour, and the Hon. Mrs. Blackwood. Her age is about thirty. She is low in stature—has fine dark hair—dark and full eyes—complexion a clear brunette—hands and feet delicately small—and figure rather slight than full. When I add that she was a most tremendous flirt—and flirts, let me hint, are usually more to be depended upon than prudes—I have written as much as I know of a lady who has created a great sensation in this metropolis. I hope that I have not wearied you, but you can have no notion of the extraordinary excitement that this affair causes. It is made use of in a political sense. All the Tory papers attack poor Melbourne as if he were the first Prime Minister who had a *penchant* far a pretty woman. There is now an election in Warwickshire, and the Tory candidates, speaking of the Cabinet, calls them "the *Crim. Con.*-nell Ministry." H. B., the caricaturist, has this day put out a new plate; Melbourne is represented as a Lamb, (his family name,) and Mrs. Norton is depicted as in the act of fondly patting him!

The Duchess of Kent (who has astonished the Tories by giving £20 towards building a new Catholic Cathedral in Ireland) has been formally invited, with the Princess Victoria, to attend the Musical Festival at Manchester, in September, They have declined the visit, but say that they will visit Lancashire next year.

There has been put out a semi-official contradiction of the report that the King and Queen are about visiting Hanover this summer. Prince George of Cumberland, it is said, is so blind that his recovery is considered hopeless.—The Duke of Sussex had the cataracts removed from his eyes, last Tuesday, and is now restored to sight. He has announced that he will preside, next November, at the Annual Meeting of the Royal Society, of which he is the President, being elected in preference to Sir John Herschell, the astronomer.

The *Standard*, one of our leading papers here in London, lately fell in with the amusing account of Herschell's Lunar Discoveries, (which originally appeared in the New York Sun,) and actually *reviewed it as a real and correct report!* Now considering that Dr. Gifford is the Editor, and Dr. Maginn (Morgan O'Doherty of *Blackwood*) the sub Editor of the *Standard*, it is very odd that the hoax should not have been smoked. If they had lived when Gulliver's Travels appeared, they would, no doubt, have reviewed them as real and correct!

The only marriage of any note in the fashionable world, took place yesterday week, at Paris. It is announced thus:—"Vicomte Joseph Maison, a Lieut.-Colonel on the Staff, son of his Excellency the Marquis Maison, Minister of War, Marshal and Peer of France, &c. &c., to Diana, eldest daughter of Peter de Domecq., Esq., of Xerez, and of London."

Saturday was the 21st anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. There was a grand review of the several regiments of the Guards, Oxford Blues, &c. in Hyde Park. The King, Queen, Prince of Orange, and others, came in six carriages,—the only ones allowed on the field. About 100,000 persons were present. The King and Duke of Wellington were in the same carriage. They were most rapturously received.—The review—including a sort of mock battle—lasted some hours, and concluded without any accident.—In the evening, the King dined with the Duke of Wellington and the surviving General Officers commanding at Waterloo. His Majesty neither got tipsy, or drank wine with a policeman, or made a speech to the servants, or fell under the table, as upon a former occasion at the same table.

The royal marriages are certainly not made in heaven. The King wishes Victoria to wed one of the Prince of Orange's sons, and the young lady—backed by her mother—declares for the young Prince of Saxe Cobourg.

On the subject of royal marriages, one of the papers says that the young Princes of Europe seem to have turned knights-errant in search of wives. The King of Naples, expected at Marseilles, leaves the fair inhabitants of palaces ignorant of his true destination. King Otho, only just arrived at Munich, has been to Stutgard, passed two days at the Court of Wurtemburg, and gone on to Darmstadt, in search of a Queen to enthrone at Athens. The Duke of Orleans, most politely received at Vienna, has not carried all hearts with the facility hoped; and he accordingly continues his quest, and will visit the vice-regal Court of Archduke Reynier at Milan, which boasts its beauty, as well as that of Vienna. The Princes would have gone to Venice no doubt but for the cholera, which rages there.

FROM OUR LIVERPOOL CORRESPONDENT.

Liverpool, June 24, 1836.

We have just received, by express, a London paper, with a full report of the crim. con. trial, Norton v. Melbourne. The plaintiff's case had closed, and I must say that the evidence does not appear sufficient to convict Lord Melbourne. The trial commenced on Wednesday morning, and the express brings it down to 7 o'clock that evening, when the court refused to allow the case to be adjourned until the next morning. A short time was allowed for him to obtain refreshment, and then he was to commence the defence. Lord Grantley (brother to the plaintiff) sat on the bench with the judge. Sir R. Peel was called as one of the special jury, but declined to come—rather delicate, as he is a political opponent of the defendant's. In his opening speech, Sir William Follett spoke a great deal about proofs—actual and circumstantial—beds rumpled—hair disordered—sofas moved about—linen stained—but none of this appeared in the evidence. It only appeared that Lord Melbourne visited a great deal at Mrs. Norton's, chiefly during the time when Norton was away at his office, as police magistrate,—that when he came Mrs. N. was "not at home" to the rest of her friends,—that this intimacy had continued for nearly four years,—that notes and letters were constantly passing between the parties,—that Mrs. Norton's brother had possession of Lord M.'s letters to Mrs. N.,—that he spoke of himself as the friend of her father,—and that one witness, (who was *non mi ricordo* on some points,) *saw Mrs. Norton lying on the hearth-rug in an indelicate position, with Lord Melbourne looking at her.* This, if true, is the worst of the case. There will not, I think, be any *legal* proof of the fact. Were I on the jury, I would not convict Lord Melbourne upon the evidence for the prosecution. What the defence may be I know not; but unless Melbourne's witnesses *prove too much*, he is acquitted. There were three letters from Lord Melbourne read in court, and these were merely common enquiries as to health.

But the main point,—has Lord Melbourne had this criminal correspodence with Mrs. Norton? *Not a doubt of it*—at least he has made very bad use of his opportunities if he has *not!* The lady was fair and willing—the swain amorous; and when there is importunity and opportunity—why, *then*, the marriage vow is very little in the way of either wife or gentleman. But there is not, I dare say, the necessary proof, so the Premier will be acquitted. He has more luck than gay Lotharios usually have!!

The latest odds are as follows:—*At Manchester, June 22.*—Black Diamond, the favorite for the Newcastle St. Leger, Elizabeth, Black Hambleton, and Bee's-wing slightly speculated upon. Little doing upon the Liverpool July cup, and Doncaster St. Leger. The odds may be quoted thus:—

NEWCASTLE ST. LEGER, F. P.

6 to 4 agst. Black Diamond.	4 to 1 agst. Black Hambleton.
3 to 1 agst. Elizabeth.	5 to 1 agst. Bee's-wing.

LIVERPOOL JULY CUP, F. P.

5 to 4 agst. General Chasse.	11 to 1 agst. Birdlime (taken).
6 to 1 agst. Inheritor.	20 to 1 agst. Oswald (taken).
7 to 1 agst. Mundig (taken).	

DONCASTER ST. LEGER.

5 to 1 agst. Gladiator (taken).	6 to 1 agst. Trapball (taken).

The betting at Tattersals, London, is about the same.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne races commenced on Monday. I annex the return list:—

STEWARDS.—The Duke of Leeds, M. W. Ridley, Esq., and W. R. Ramsay, Esq., of Barnton.

Produce of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three yrs. old.

Mr. Stephenson's b. c. Volney,	1
Mr. Gascoigne's br. c. Wallace, by Lottery,	2

The six others drawn. Good race.

Maiden Plate of 50 sovs. Heats, once round and a distance.

Mr. Meiklam's Corryvrechan, 4 yrs. — Cartwright,	1 1
Mr. J. Scott's Progress, sister to Pilgrim, 3 yrs.	0 2
Colonel Cradock's Patriot, by Langar, 3 yrs.	3 dr.
Mr. W. Lonsdale's Gipsy, by Tramp, 4 yrs.	1 dr.
Lord Eglinton's Æolus, by Corinthian, 3 yrs.	4 dr.

Four others drawn. Both heats well contested; second a head only.

Match, 50*l.* each Four miles.—Mr. Thoman's b. m., aged, beat Mr. Smith's The Camel, aged, 11st. each. A good race.

Buxton races came off on Wednesday week. They were better than usual. The Duke of Devonshire (who owns the town of Buxton) gave a gold cup, value 100 guineas, added to a Handicap Sweeptakes, of 15 sovs. There were 19 subs.,—8 declared off, six started. The horses that run are all of first rate character.

Lord Warwick's br. c. Pelops, by Middleton, out of Niobe, by Sir David	1
Sir G. Pigot's b. c. Altamont, by Sligo, 4 yrs. old,	2
Mr. G. Cook's br. h. Red Rover, by Lottery, 5 yrs.	3
Mr. Nanny's br. c. Cymro, by Banker, 4 yrs. old,	4
Mr. Tomes's b. g. Random, by Bedlamite, 5 yrs.	5
Mr. Lacey's b. f. Midsummer, by Filho da Puta,	6

The winner was *not* the favorite, the odds being 5 to 1 against him; 5 to 2 against Altamont, and 7 to 4 against Red Rover—one of the best of Lottery's get. In the race, Altamont took the lead, Random next, Rover third, and the rest close. Altamont had every prospect of success, but was challenged, when three fourths of the race was over, by Red Rover and Pelops. When near the winning post, Pelots shot ahead, and won by a neck. Rover a length behind Altamont.

The town plate of 50*l.*, two heats, mile and a half each, won by Mr. King's b. m. Lucy, beating Ransom and Midsummer. Both heats won in a canter.

Bath races, on the same day and next day, came off so flatly, that it would be waste of ink to record the running of unknown and middling horses. The only good race was for the County Members' Plate, won by Lord Palmerston's ch. c. by The Colonel, beating Count D'Orsay and another.

If we have no very important running *at home*, we have reports from abroad. At Stralsund (on May 16 and 17) there have been some keen contests between the Prussian and English gentlemen of the turf. I may as well mention the results.

On Monday, May 16, the first race was for the Town Plate, (worth 80*l.*)

Mr. Eber's br. h. Brownlock, by Blacklock, out of Worthless, by Walton—Altisidora, 6 yrs. old—Young	2 1 1
Mr. Hart's b. f. Brillante, by Zinganee—Problem, 3 yrs.	1 2 2
Mr. Pauly's br. f. Serena, by Brutandorf—Comus, 4 yrs.	0 0 3
Baron Biel's br. f. Atalanta, by Gaberlunzie—Incest, 4 yrs.	4 0 0
Count Hanckel's br. c. Fergus, by Waverley, 4 yrs. old,	3 0 d.
Mr. Velker's br. f. Miss Bell, by Lottery—Belinda, 4 yrs.	0 d.
Baron Maltzahn's br. h. Vulcan, by His Grace, 6 yrs. old,	bolted.

This was a fine sporting race. Count Hanckel's br. c. Fergus, by Waverley, was the favorite at starting. He was bought of Lord Chesterfield *to beat any thing!* His backers lost largely. Brownlock, the winner, was bred in Yorkshire; Brillante, the Zinganee filly, was bred by the Duke of Grafton; Miss Bell, bred at Stralsund. The odds at starting were 2 to 1 against Fergus, 3 to 1 against Brownlock, 3 to 1 against Miss Bell, 4 to 1 against Atalanta, and 10 to 1 against Mr. Hart's filly.

Two other races on this day do not merit mention.

On Monday, May 17, the King's cup was won by Harmonic.

Count Hanckel's br. f. Harmonic, by Gustavus, out of Young Pipylina, by Orville, 4 yrs.	1 1
Baron Maltzahn's Regulator, by Figaro, 3 yrs. old,	2 2
Count Plessen's gr. m. Mambrina, by Bubello,	3 3
Mr. Eber's br. m. Mersuka, by Velocipede,	4 4

The first heat was well contested. The second won easy.

But a more curious race than any which has lately been noticed, came off at Munster (in Prussia) on 30th of May, between horses matched against rein deer. The rein deer were matched against horses which had won at different horse races. The prize was gained by a 5 year old stallion, belonging to a peasant at Gelmelburen, which arrived at the winning post before any of the deer.

In my last, I mentioned that the King had given a grand dinner to the Jockey Club. The *Literary Gazette* has rather a good joke in allusion to this. It says, that in the course of the evening, the Marquis of Westminster boasted very largely of his horse Touchstone, offering to back him for a large sum against any thing that could be named in the field. "Done," said the King. "I will name Glee to beat him *by a neck.*" The match was made, and duly booked. The King was called upon to name his favorite, and named "The Giraffe!" amid loud peals of laughter, in which the Marquis of Westminster heartily joined.—There are worse jokes than this in Joe Miller.

Brussels races are to come on the day after to-morrow (June 26.) Last year, Lord H. Seymour carried off the plates and cups with ease. *Now*, it is boasted that the Belgic will beat the English racers, and that the sport will be of the very best kind. It is a pity that neither Leopold or his wife will be present, as they have left Brussels for Paris.

Lord Jersey has presented Edwards, his trainer, with £200, as a mark of gratitude for having so ably trained the winners of three Derby stakes, one Oaks, and almost innumerable produce stakes, cups, &c.

The Hon. Berkeley Craven's losses on the last Derby are to be paid by his family, and one of the Jockey Club is to arrange the payment;—the people at Tattersall's say that one of the following will be selected:—Lords G. Bentinck and Lichfield, Col. Peel, Mr. Greville, Mr. Payne, and Mr. Irby, as they are acquainted with the different parties to whom the unfortunate gentleman was indebted. The money ought to be paid, as Craven's family come in for 6000*l.* a-year by his suicide.

Herring, the animal painter, who is as good a judge of horse flesh as any man in England, had written to a sporting paper on the qualifications of Lord Jersey's *Bay Middleton*, which has won the sum of 8,375*l.* in two months, clear of all deductions. Mr. Herring says—

"It is an old saying, 'handsome is that handsome does:' granted. That Bay Middleton is a racehorse, no one will attempt to deny, but that he is handsome will always be doubted; however, I predict, that when furnished, he will be one of the finest horses in England. The general opinion of him prior to the Derby was, that he was a great, raw-boned horse. Now, this I will take upon myself to deny. I will begin with his head, which is strong, but lean, with very neat ears, good eyes, and capacious nostrils, and beautifully set on; his neck is particularly light, and, I may say, elegantly formed, and so elastic, that he (when mounted for a race) brings his chin almost to touch his breast: his shoulders lay very obliquely, and particularly clean at the points; his withers are high and from the top of them to the brisket exceedingly deep; his fore-ribs are very large, his barrel rather inclining to be long; his loins (which, by the bye, in him, is considered a defective point) are arched and good, but his tremendous great hips give him the appearance (as is always the case) of being a bad loined horse; his arms and thighs are, as I once heard a countryman say, "unfindfaultable;" his legs and are beautiful. His height, I should think, is at least sixteen hands an inch and a half, this is only guess, for he well knows a stranger, and I thought it advisable to keep a respectful distance from him."

It seems that Bay Middleton is not a beauty *yet*. He is "a rum 'un to look at, but a good 'un to go."

Pugilism, or the "science of self defence," has lately got a slight impetus from the curiosity of the Prince of Orange. This Prince, anxious to show his sons how Englishmen played at fisty cuffs, employed Jackson (Byron's old master) and Angelo,—the former to get up a private muster of eminent pugilists, &c. It took place on Wednesday week, at Angelo's "school of arms," St. James's street, London.

At three o'clock their Royal Highnesses arrived, attended by their suite, long previous to which the room was crowded to excess. Among the company present were his Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge, the Prince of Solms, the Dukes of Grafton and Beaufort; Marquises of Anglesea, Douglas, Douro, and Graham: Earls Falmouth, Errol, and Euston; Lords Willoughby, de Eresby, Ribblesdale, Frederick and Adolphus Fitzclarence, Grimston, Ludlow, Hereford, F. Gordon, Loftus (two), Count Blucher; Sirs C. Rowley, T. Trowbridge, F. A. Roe; Colonels Peel, Lowther, Mr. W. Peel, &c. The sport commenced by a bout with the gloves, between William Stock and John Adams, who went through two rounds in very mediocre style. Next followed those two veterans of the ring, Thomas Cribb and Thomas Oliver, who were received with much applause. They also had two rounds, during which Cribb had decidedly the best. Thomas Spring and Peter Crawley, two more of the old school, next entered the arena, and during three rounds exhibited a splendid specimen of the art, Spring having the advantage throughout. Next appeared Richard Curtis (the Pet of the Fancy) and Owen Swift, who peppered each other in good sound style through two rounds, during which Curtis had the best of it. After them young Dutch Sam and Jem Burn contested the palm. Sam exhibited during three rounds, his accustomed caution and calmness, and had throughout the advantage, having in the first round uncorked Jem's claret. Lastly appeared Harry Holt and Frank Redman, who closed the sports with the gloves. C. M. Winterbottom and —Pitfield, belonging to the first regiment of Life Guards, next exhibited a specimen of the art of single stick; after which, Messrs. Webster, and H. Angelo, jun., the two best amateur fencers in London, exhibited a specimen of fencing with foils. Then followed a bout, with the same weapons, between a Creole gentleman named Lyons, stated to be 84 years of age, and Mr. H. Angelo, junior, which strikingly exhibited the contrast between the old and new school, and finished the sports. Two celebrated wrestlers, who happen to be in London at present, were expected to exhibit, but not having arrived at five o'clock their Royal Highnesses departed, after having expressed themselves highly gratified with the specimens they had witnessed. The rest of the company soon followed. The veteran Jackson officiated as master of the ceremonies on the occasion.

Goodwood Races take place on July 27. There are forty-one acceptances for the Goodwood stakes, and thirty-nine for the gold cup. Among the 3 year olds is Bay Middleton, to carry 7 stone 12lbs.; Touchstone, 5 years, 10 stone 2 lbs.

Newmarket Races come on July 12; Liverpool, that day week.

A great feat in Walking.—Six miles in 42 minutes was performed last week in Scotland, by William Christeron, a carrier.

Townsend is backed to walk 100 miles in 24 hours—even betting: 4 to 1 that he will not do it in 23 hours.

Mrs. Honey and Morris Barnett conclude their engagement at the Liverpool theatre to-morrow. They will be succeeded, I believe, by Macready, who will probably bring out the new tragedy of *Ion*.

Charles Kean and Miss Huddart are starring to empty houses, at Wexford.—Kean's six characters are monotonous. Why don't the man extend his line—*if he can?* Miss Huddart is one of the finest actresses in the kingdom—she would be an acquisition to any theatre. She led for two years at Liverpool.

FRIDAY EVENING, June 24.

The detention of the *Roscoe* until this evening's tide, affords me the opportunity of giving you the close of the Melbourne trial. Sir John Campbell, the Attorney General, commenced his speech for Lord Melbourne at half-past six o'clock in the evening, and brought it to a close at twenty minutes past twelve.—He indignantly denied the charges preferred against his noble client—cut up the evidence in a very clever manner, and "went the entire animal" on the presumption that a *political* party had backed this prosecution, to obtain Melbourne's disgrace and dismissal from office, contrary to the usages in the English Courts of Law—was repeatedly cheered, and so triumphant was the appeal he made, that not calling a single witness, the moment he had done, the jury returned a verdict for Lord Melbourne.

The Carlton Club will pay the costs as Norton cannot.

I have no time to write any more to-day, as the packet sails per tide.

SATURDAY, June 25, 5 o'clock A. M.

DEAR SIR—I send to-day's "Journal," with a report of *the* trial. You will have little doubt that the fact was *committed*—though not *proved*.

I send a slip of sporting news, additional to what I made up last night. You shall have a crack letter next week.

Three packets due—May 24th, June 1st and 8th. I hope one of them will bring me a letter from you, as I am anxious to know how you and ——— get on. I have met Mr. Kirkman here, he was at Newton Races.

In haste, Yours truly,

*** ******.

Newcastle Races.—Beeswing has won the St. Leger stakes (Wednesday), and the gold cup (Thursday).

COVENT GARDEN theatre terminated a successful season on Wednesday evening, with the performance of Sheridan Knowles's play, *The Wife*, and *The Sexton of Cologne*. At the conclusion of the play, Mr. Knowles was loudly called for, who came forward to acknowledge the compliment, and, addressing the audience, congratulated them on the success of that house, and remarked that the drama was independent of any theatre—it existed in itself; and so long as there was a barn in which it could be personated, it would flourish. Mr. Knowles concluded his remarks with an emphatic "God bless you till we meet again." Mr. H. Wallack then appeared, and thanked the audience for the support and patronage they had experienced in what he might term "a profitable season." He stated that Mr. Osbaldeston, encouraged by their favor, had entered into engagements with Mrs. Glover and Farren, and Macready, and that negociations were pending for an engagement with Mr. Charles Kemble, who, after the approaching season, intended to retire from the stage; and that Mr. Serjeant Talfourd and Mr. Sheridan Knowles, had promised assistance in dramatic authorship. The house was crowded to the ceiling; it seemed as though the public were resolved to give Mr. Osbaldeston "a bumper at parting."

Sporting Intelligence.

"TRYING IT ON" ONCE MORE!

Here's "Monsieur Tonson come again!" We shall see fun yet. Kentucky will stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder; and now Tennessee has got her back up, she will go it, up to the handle! In answer to Mr. WARD's proposition, (in the Spirit of the Times, a fortnight since), to run his filly *Missletoe* against Gen. MABRY's *Lilac*, $5,000 to $4,000, if the latter will meet him in Kentucky, the following reply is made.

CAMPBELL'S STATION, KNOX Co., E. Tenn., July 10, 1836.

TO JUNIUS R. WARD, ESQ.

I have seen your proposition proposing to run your filly *Missletoe* against my filly *Lilac*—$5000 to $4000, half forfeit—two mile heats, over the Louisville Oakland Course, on the 20th of September, 1836. Aware of the great disadvantage in travelling at so warm a season of the year, together with the change of water, climate, &c., &c. I therefore propose that the race be run over the Nashville Race Course on the 20th of September, 1836,—5,000 on *Lilac* to $3,000 on *Missletoe*, half forfeit. This proposition is made, allowing you to give or take it by changing the place of running, and the sums on the different Courses. If you come to Nashville—the cash to be placed in the Union Bank, at Nashville, Tenn. Should you prefer at Louisville, Ky., then the forfeit to be placed in the Bank at Louisville, Ky. Should you conclude to offer $5,000 to $3,000, early notice is desirable, that my stock may leave Nashville by the 5th of August; having only one trainer, my stable consisting of seven—will have to travel to Kentucky, or be left idle. Also, I shall have to pay a forfeit on an engagement that I have at Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., therefore I prefer your coming to Tennessee. I also propose to run my c. h. colt, *Hugh Lawson White*, 3 years old, by imported Leviathan, *two mile heats*, against *any 3 year old colt raised in the State of Kentucky*, for any sum from one to five thousand dollars, over the Nashville Course, on the 22d September next. Two to one on *Hugh Lawson*, and you to name the sum and the colt by the 5th day of August next; and two thousand on *Hugh Lawson* to one on the colt you name, and so on from one to $5000, half forfeit, and the forfeit to be deposited as in the first proposition—and the rules of the Central Course to govern in each case.

Respectfully,

J. A. MABRY.

STALLIONS FOR 1836.

Letters from all sections of the country south and west of New York describe the young stock coming on, as promising in the highest degree, while they convey such assurances of the increasing attention devoted to breeding, as cannot fail to gratify the votaries of the turf, and every lover of fine horses. Fine stallions everywhere, whether native or imported, seems to have been more liberally patronised than ever this season. Henry and Barefoot, on Long Island, have had seraglio's to the extent of an Eastern Sultan's, and Daghee, also there, has made a fair season.

In Tennessee, Leviathan, Pacific, St. Giles, Luzborough, O'Kelly, Lapdog, and Cock of the Rock, are cocks of the rock. Bertrand, sen., Sarpedon, Stockholder, Rodolph, Merlin, Sir Lovell, and others, have done nearly as well in Kentucky, from all accounts. In the Old Dominion, Mons. Tonson, Eclipse, Star, Goliah, Shark, Timoleon, Tobacconist, Zinganee, etc., have made very fair seasons, besides several others hereafter specially named. Among others who are particularly entitled to notice for their popularity this year, we may name Tranby and Drone, in Maryland, Robin Hood and Consol, in Alabama, Rowton, in South Carolina, Claret and Sir Henry Tonson, in North C., Andrew, Bertrand, sen., Gov. Hamilton, Hedgeford, and Young Truffle, in Georgia, Mercury, in Mississippi, and Powhatan, in Louisiana. Most of these are represented to us as having "made lots of money" this season, and from the blood of a majority of the mares served, a great improvement in the breed of the racing stock of these states is confidently anticipated.

No doubt there are many other stallions equally "fashionable" and well patronised, from whose friends we have not heard. Of course we shall be ready at all times to do them ample justice, and will here take occasion to remark, that if the proprietors of noted horses will furnish us with interesting and authentic particulars of the result of their seasons, together with the names of the *thorough-bred* mares served, they shall have a place in our columns.

Mr. Editor,—Among your *items* of sporting intelligence in your paper, you may mention the following:—The imported horse *Felt* has just finished a very good season at Hicksford, Va. He covered nearly 100 mares, amongst them some capital ones,—to wit: Clara Fisher, Black Heath's dam, Lady La Grange, Catherine Warren, Polly Cobb, Imported mare Zillah, Mambrina, Imported mare Primula, Patty Burton, Gray Girl, Imported mare Sister to Scheme, Timea, Sister to Ohio, Sister to Ariadne, &c. &c. &c. The blood of Langar and Waxy Pope, crossed on such mares, will prove its excellence some of these days.

I have recently heard from *Luzborough*, in Tenn. He had received his limit of 100 mares at $100—making a neat little aggregate of ten thousand dollars. Luzborough has made four seasons in this country, amounting to $37,000 or $38,000, as I have understood on good authority.

Emancipation, at Charlotte, C. H. has made a bursting season, having served upwards of 150 mares. There is no mistake about this horse, being a *most magnificent stallion*.

Chateau Margaux has made a full season near Richmond, Va. He turned off a great many mares, his season being stopped quite early, so great was the *rush* to him.

I learn from a gentleman near Richmond, Va., that *Tranby's* colts dropped this year, are admitted to be the finest set of colts ever seen in that part of the country. If anything in the shape of horse flesh can ever come up to Mr. Osbaldeston's match against time, some of these young ones will be the fellows.

But the best colt I have seen this year is the *Shakspeare* colt, out of Dr. Merritt's imported Cervantes mare. The cover was in England, though both sire and dam are now in this country. This is a most splendid colt, and if he does not reap a rich harvest of fame and money, there is nothing in *looks*.

Col. WYNN advertises his fine stud, consisting of about 30 of all ages, for sale. I guess breeders and sportsmen will muster very strong on that occasion. Some of the Colonel's stock is *hard to beat*.

Margrave, when he quits his present stand in Virginia, where he has made a fine season, goes, it is understood, to Tennessee. He is *all sorts* of a horse, as active as a cat, as strong as a lion, could have won the Derby, did win the St. Leger, was fleeter than the wind, could run all day and half the night without a long breath, and as to carrying weight—Daniel Lambert would be a feather on his back.

Rifle Shooting.

A friend has forwarded to us a target recently made by a gentleman of Savannah, Ga., 50 yards, off hand, ten successive, though not successful shots, seven missing the bull's eye. If our Georgia friend will refer to the specimens of the Rifle Practice of some of the crack shots of Gotham, given in this paper on the 12th March last, he will see that he must try again. We have hung up the Savannah target beside several others made nearer home, and shall be glad to acknowledge the receipt of any others which may be furnished us. When we have collected a few more "screamers" from different sections, we intend giving an engraving of the whole, so that all may see who's who! Now send us your best, gentlemen. We are expecting some daily from Louisiana and Kentucky, and the Cincinnati Club must not fail to be represented among the rest. Some of those that already embellish the walls of our sanctum are a sin to Crockett; so mind your eyes, gents. Our next exhibition of Rifle Targets will be "cautionary," and "no mistake!"

THE BOAT CLUBS.—The *Wakona* Club is having a new boat made by Crolius, 35 feet long, 8 oars. Farr is making one for the old *New York* Club, same dimensions. Montaignier is building another for the *Ariel* Club. It was not the *Wave* Club that gave the soiree at the Pavillion last Monday night week. The Regatta comes off next month.

TALLEYRAND AND THE WAGER OF OYSTERS.—What school-boy is there who would not claim the story of Talleyrand's oyster breakfast? This was the payment of a wager which M. de Talleyrand had won of the Duke de Laval. The oysters, according to the condition agreed upon, were to be furnished for twelve persons; moreover, the winner was to have the right of naming the ten other guests. Did M. de Talleyrand in this case act as every body else would have done—invite ten of his friends? No such thing: tnis was very far indeed from his intention. He made very careful inquiries for ten of the greatest oyster-eaters in Paris. These he chose for his guests; so that the Duke de Laval had to pay for five hundred dozen. One of the actors in the breakfast, a very amiable man, fond of good eating, and an excellent singer, was M. Cloiseau, formerly an attorney, who on this occasion was appointed king of the feast. To the great satisfaction of the Amphictryon who did not pay, he swallowed without the least hesitation his fifty-fourth dozen; after which he stopped, alledging, as a pretence, that he must partake of the other dainties of the breakfast.

Life of Talleyrand.

RIDING TO HOUNDS.

BY NIMROD.

It was on this celebrated horse (Bernardo) that Lord Forester leaped a brook, when he was said to have cleared the astonishing space of thirty feet. Not having witnessed the leap, I can only say, that if any man on any horse could have done it, it was to have been accomplished by Lord Forester on Bernardo. He was followed by a hard riding farmer by the name of *Wing*; but it appears that he had not quite so strong a feather in his pinion, as he barely cleared the brook, which was twenty-three feet from bank to bank.

As there are few, if any, instances in the records of sporting of so conspicuous and eminent a character as Lord Forester, and as any thing relating to such a character must be entertaining and interesting, I shall devote a few lines on the subject.

Lord Forester was educated at Westminster, and went thence to Christ Church, Oxford; but having been brought up under the eye of his uncle, so well known as "Old Forester of Willy," and who kept fox-hounds for many years of his life, he may be said to have been well entered to the sport. He shewed, early in life, a remarkable fine eye to the essential points of a hunter; and so much was his judgment looked up to, and so great was his reputation as a rider, that many a man has given him a hundred guineas more for a horse than he would have given to any one else, merely because he could say, "I bought him of Forester." It is needless to observe that this predilection was not lost upon so good a judge, and that at one period of his life his hunting was by no means an expensive amusement to him.

Lord Forester—which can be said of few other men—was a hard rider for nearly thirty years of his life; and it was only in consequence of repeated attacks of the gout that he was obliged to resign his place in the field to men younger than himself; but such are the effects of that terrible disease, that few persons are enabled to stand the bangs and bruises that are met with in riding over a country after one or two severe fits of it. Having, however, married the Duke of Rutland's sister, he goes every season to Belvoir, appearing at covert when his health will permit him, but giving place to an excellent representative in his eldest son, who bids fair to equal his father in the field, and whom I mentioned in one of my letters on Oxfordshire, as "a very promising young one."

Lord Forester's seat on his horse at once denotes the workman, being strong, powerful, and graceful. A fine man upon a fine horse has been characterised as one of the best specimens of the plastic art of Him who made them; but unless the man sits gracefully on the horse, and handles him well, that fine effect is lost. As the poet says, he should be "incorporate with the beast," and such does Lord F. appear to be. His eye to a country is also remarkably quick, and his knowledge of Leicestershire has given him no small advantage.

Where a strong competition exists—as in riding to hounds—it is almost requiring too much of human nature to shut out all appearance of jealousy; and some humorous anecdotes are related of Lord Forester in his hard riding days. One is, that getting first to a gentleman's park, the pales of which were not to be leaped, he espied a small bridle-gate, which he got through before the rest of the field came up, and locking it after him, and putting the key into his pocket, he bade farewell to his brother sportsmen, and of course had the rest of the run to himself. On another occasion, he is said to have ridden at a fence regardless of the old caution of looking before we leap, and to have landed in the middle of a very deep pond: on a countryman who saw him, calling out to some others who were coming in the same direction, to warn them of their danger, he stopped him by exclaiming, "Hold your tongue—say nothing—we shall have it full in a minute!"

As I before observed, Lord Forester always showed a master-judgment in the points of a hunter; and in consequence of his residing in Shropshire—a county which has so long been celebrated for its breed of horses—he has a good opportunity of mounting himself well. He has always insisted on the necessity of lengthy shoulders, good fetlocks, well-formed hind-legs, and open feet; and knowing better than to confound strength with size, his horses seldom exceed 15 hands 2 inches. On anything relating to a hunter his authority has long been considered classic, and if "Forester said so," it is enough.

There is an old adage, but a very true one, that "when a man's character is established, he may say anything;" and this may in some measure be applied to Lord Forester. Without any ill-natured object, but merely to afford amusement, he will occasionally indulge in some freedom of speech; and certainly his Lordship must be allowed to possess a most happy talent of quizzing what in the phrase of the day is called "a slow top."* As a sportsman, however, the name of Lord Forester will always stand pre-eminent in the field; and in private life he is a very friendly man, and has ever adhered to those principles of honor and integrity which characterise the gentleman.

Incorporated as it were with the name of Forester, in the sporting world, for these last thirty years, has been the name of Cholmondeley. The strongest friendship has existed between them from very early life, and when we heard of the one, we generally heard of the other, and it is hard to say which of them has given most *eclat* to Leicestershire fox-hunting. As a rider to hounds, though a brilliant one, the latter always gave way to the former, who must be considered *as the champion of his day*; but in elegant manners, and in the accomplishments of a gentleman, he yields to no one. These gallant sportsmen might be classically termed the Castor and Pollux of their day; and had they lived in the time of Hercules, they would have borne away his honors at the Olympic. As it is, however, they have been rewarded by their sovereign, by being raised to the Patrician order. Whether they would have been so honored had they not been conspicuous in the field, it is not in my power to determine; but certain it is, though Lord Forester may sound well enough, Lord Delamere is a bad exchange for Thomas Cholmondeley, Esq., of Vale-Royal, M. P. for the county. The one reminds us of "olden times;" the other is to be heard of nowhere but in the third volume of a four-and-sixpenny novel, "by a lady."

The way to heaven was once so easy, that, if I recollect right, Juvenal makes Atlas complain that his shoulders ached with the load of gods he had to carry; and if this were the case now, he who could beat every man in Leicestershire for a season would in time have a snug birth amongst them. There was, however, says Cicero, rather too close a resemblance between gods and men in those days to please him; and we will not dispute this point. Nevertheless, we may venture to assert, that, amongst us sportsmen, "the laurels that Cæsar won" would be weeds compared with those which we should wreath around his brow.

In what way the sons of Adam were to have passed their lives had not Paradise been too good for them, I leave others to decide; but to me a covert's side in a good country is an Elysium. Solomon satiated himself with women, wine, and palaces, fine horses, gold, and silver, good eating, drinking, and music, and then grumbled at them all; but he never tried *fox-hunting*, or I think he would have been in better humor. It is among the scenes of nature that generous emotions are excited, and like the veteran Cochran, or the great John Ward, if we live amongst them, we shall enjoy them to the last, and leave to others to indulge in softness and effeminacy, which not only deprive them of all fence against discord or age, but leave them with shattered nerves and exhausted senses, and a pampered appetite for what they cannot enjoy. Of such men as these, we may justly exclaim—"Non his juventis orta parentibus!"—"it is not from such sires that the race of English gentlemen is to be propagated."

In fair play, however, there is one reason why king Solomon could not have tried fox-hunting, and that is, the company he must have mixed with when riding to hounds; for certainly the best performer we have ever heard of has been one with whom the Royal Israelite could not with propriety have entered the field, after having preached so much against him; and that is *the devil!* Reader, be not surprised or alarmed! but ask a Meltonian how such a one, who has been distinguishing himself with hounds gets on, and it is ten to one that he answers, "Oh, he rides *like the devil!*" Now, as this simile is really become proverbial, it is only fair to conclude that the devil has been a very good performer in his time. As to the color he rode in, it may be difficult at this moment to determine, but we have the best authority for believing he was never so black as he is painted. *In his own country* we should imagine he rode in *red*.

Though Solomon may never have tried it, hunting has been a favorite sport with kings since the days of the princely Cyrus. Our Second Henry—acknowledged to be one of our greatest kings—was such a determined sportsman, that I shall give a little sketch of him in that character in the words of one of his historians.

"He neglected his hands," says this pleasing writer, "never wearing gloves but in hawking. His clothes were short, calculated for expedition; his boots plain, and his bonnet unadorned. His feet and legs were generally in a bruised and livid state, from the repeated blows of his horses, yet he never sat down unless when unavoidable. His chief amusements were those of the field, which he pursued with immoderate ardor. He was on horseback before the sun was up—often fatigued the most robust sportsman in the chase; and returning sometimes late, sat down to a frugal meal, which was soon despatched, and he was again on his feet till an early hour called him to his couch. Thus, by exercise and abstemiousness, he opposed a disposition to corpulency, which indulgence would soon have rendered troublesome and unwieldly. His hawks were brought from Norway, and some from Wales; but he was particularly curious in his hounds, that they should be fleet, well-tongued, and consonous. His vices were the vices of the man, and his virtues were the virtues of a prince. He wished to make his people happy, by easing their burthens; and mitigated the severity of the forest laws, in the eye of his ruling passion. Notwithstanding this," sdds his biographer (but perhaps his subjects were unreasonable), "he was little loved, and died unregretted."

The character I have now transcribed is the character of a man, as well as that of a prince; and we might find some parallels to it in modern days. I have already mentioned the opinion of a sporting baronet in Northamptonshire, that it was the moral duty of every man to take care of his health for the sake of riding to hounds—an opinion in which I heartily concur; and as to the bruised and livid state of his Majesty's legs, we might also find a comparison here; for it is said of Frederick Berkeley, that at the end of one season in Leicestershire, his body was "black and blue," as it is termed, from the bangs and blows he had encountered in riding to hounds. These, however, are the men to breed from: "for who," says a very old writer on hunting, "is so likely to gain a rampart, or mount an entrenchment, as he whose long practice hath been scaling the fortifications of meadows and inclosures? Who so proper to manage his horse with address and intrepidity in time of action, as he whose trade and occupation are leaping over five-bar gates, hedges, and stone-walls? Habit and experience qualify the fox-hunter for the sap or for the storm, to unkennel or pursue: long custom hath made him acquainted with all sorts of ground, with hills and valleys, morasses and deserts, streights and precipices; hath enabled him to excel in march or forage, in ambush or surprise, in attack or retreat. How common was it for champions like these to give terror to a squadron, or to make lanes among legions of Frenchmen! With what health and vigor did they then return home to the arms of their consorts! What hopeful, rosy, jolly branches were seen round their table! What martial heroes, inheritors of their virtues and their valor, did they leave to their country!

As the gallant sportsman to whom I have now ventured to allude has just entered into the holy state of wedlock, some part of the above extract rather aptly applies: and as he has selected a daughter of the late Duke of Richmond for his wife, I may be allowed to observe, in the language of Nimrod, that *the cross must be a good one.*

"Age," says the author of Rasselas, "looks with anger on the temerity of youth, and youth with contempt on the scrupulosity of age!" Nothing can be more true than this, and I once saw it exemplified:—An old lady of my acquaintance was taking an airing one day in her carriage, and, as the song says, "the hounds came in view."—"You were in luck, Madam," said I to her in the evening. "Yes," she replied, "I saw you all *daring Providence.*" I could not help being struck with the remark, but ventured to tell her Ladyship, that I was in hopes that "a Providence sat up aloft" to keep watch for the life of a sportsman as well as that for poor Jack. When a man, however, is in the act of riding to hounds, and determined to be with them, being hurt by a fall is only a secondary consideration, the first being whether he may not lose his horse, for as Tom Smith says, exclusive of being done for the day, there is nothing so *low* as to be running after one's horse, crying out "Catch my horse! pray catch my horse!"

When we come to reflect, however, it is astonishing how few persons out of the number that ride over a country are hurt by falls. A good story is told on this subject of a hard-riding whipper-in, who had a great many falls in his time, but was never hurt in any of them. One unlucky day, however, his horse fell with him, and rolling him as a cook would a pie-crust, nearly flattened all the prominences of his body. Getting up, and limping after him, he was heard muttering to himself—Well, *now* I *be* hurt! There is a picture at Mr. Corbet's, of Sundorn, of the famous *Tom Moody*, when whipper-in to Mr. Childe. He is represented in the act of falling over some high park palings, and at the same time giving a view-halloo to a fox that was sinking before his hounds. This is the man, who, when he was run to ground himself, was carried to the churchyard by six earth-stoppers, who, by his request, gave three "rattling view-hallos" over his grave.

If I were asked who it was that had shown the greatest contempt for the consequence of a bad fall, that ever came under my observation, I should have no hesitation in saying, it was a gentleman by the name of Stanhope, who was on a visit to Sir Bellingham Graham, when he hunted the Atherstone country. On the Friday his horse fell with him, and hurt his shoulder, but nothing was broken or displaced. The consequence was, he came out on the following Monday with his arm in a sling. We found a fox in the finest part of Sir Bellingham's Leicestershire country, and killed in fifteen minutes, during which Mr. Stanhope was in a very good place. Having had the pleasure of meeting him a few evenings before at Sir Bellingham's, I asked him if he did not find it very awkward to ride with only one hand, when he assured me he found little difficulty with the horse he was then riding, as he was so very temperate, and had never given him a fall. "That is dangerous to boast of," said I to him; and here the conversation ended. We found another fox, and had a fine run of an hour and ten minutes and killed. About the middle of it, we came to a brook, which we all got well over with the exception of Stanhope, who unfortunately pitching on a turn in the bank, and disdaining to look, did not clear it, and his horse threw him with great violence on the opposite side. I saw him lying on the ground, apparently as dead as if he had been shot at Waterloo; and it was upwards of five minutes before he showed any signs of returning animation. On getting back to Sir Bellingham's house—having been blooded at Bosworth—all necessary measures were taken, and the doctor would fain have persuaded Mr. Stanhope that some ribs were broken. He had a short husky cough, and two or three other directing symptoms which seldom mislead a skilful apothecary; but he resisted all such insinuations, and assured him he should be well in a few days; and the Quorn hounds coming within reach on the following Tuesday, he went to meet them still having his arm in a sling!

In the course of this day's sport, some of the party, among whom was Mr. Stanhope, got into the corner of a field and were *pounded*. What is not very usual in this country, one of the hardest riders in England had dismounted, and was trying to pull down the top bar of a flight of rails, which did not otherwise appear practicable. "Let me try," said Mr. Stanhope, "I am a good one." The sequel was, he rode at it and got a tremendous fall. On seeing him lying on the ground, Sir Bellingham rode up to him, and said, "Now, I'll tell you what, Stanhope, you are a good one, but by G—d you shall ride no more to-day! Go to Leicestershire and put yourself into your carriage, and get to town as quick as you can and get cured!" He took his friend's advice; and when he arrived there, Mr. Heaviside found out that he had two ribs broken, and his breast-bone beaten in!! This, we may also say, is not a bad sort of a man to breed from.

The most difficult part of riding to hounds is "facing a brook;" but before I proceed to say any thing on that subject generally, I shall mention one which Mr. Mytton leaped *in cool blood*, on his return from hunting his own hounds in Shropshire. It measured a little more than seven yards in the clear; but the space covered in the leap was nine yards and a quarter, from one hind footstep to the other. Being at his house at the time, I saw it measured the next morning in the presence of several other sporting men. This extraordinary leap, without the presence of hounds, was taken by that extraordinary horse *Baronet*. Some years since, Mr. Mytton backed him to clear nine yards over hurdles placed at some distance from each other; but he performed the task so often with him before the appointed time, that he refused it then and lost his master's money.

Baronet is a mean looking horse, with only one eye; but nature has made amends for that, by giving him more than one life, or he would never have survived the last seven years which he has been in Mr. Mytton's possession. He may be said to be as stout as steel; and if there was rank among brutes, this Baronet should have been raised to the peerage.

Mr. Mytton has no doubt put the powers of the horse to the test as much as any man in England, or in any other country; and it is a common answer to the question whether such a fence is practicable, that "it would do for Mytton;" In Lord Bradford's Park, when he hunted the Shiffnal country, he cleared one of his Lordship's deer-hurdles, upwards of six feet high; and, what is more surprising, he covered the space of eight yards in length at the same time. This was accomplished on a horse called "The Hero," which he purchased of me for 500 guineas, and was the same that leaped the gate with him in Mr. Jellico's grounds in Shropshire, the height of which was seven feet. I have possessed better brook-jumpers than "The Hero," as he would always make a trifling stop at them; but he was the highest leaper I ever was master of in my life.

In my experience of riding to hounds, I have observed, that nothing tends so much to make a field select as a good rasping brook. In the first place, many horses will not face it, and in the next, many men will not ride at it; and to be *good at water* is one of the first and most essential qualifications in each. Even a *brookling*, with soft banks, and horses a little abroad, often creates no small confusion among those who are not mounted on hunters.* A fall at a brook is generally an awkward one, both to the rider and to his horse: the latter is very liable to strain himself; and the former, if not hurt, is sure to be spoiled for the day, exclusive of affording some amusement to his friends. When the famous Dick Knight hunted Northamptonshire, he rode over a wide and deep brook at the same time that a Rev. gentleman was floating down it, having been landed in the middle of it. "The gentleman swims like a cork," said Dick, without ever thinking of assisting him. This tumbling into deep brooks, however, is no joking matter; for when a man comes to fall backwards with his horse into deep water, and, as it often happens, gets under him, and remains there till his horse recovers his legs, he may be said to be anywhere but *in clover*, and many narrow escapes to my knowledge have been encountered.

Several wagers have been made about leaping brooks in cool blood. One was between Lord Alvanley and Mr. Maher, some years since in Leicestershire, for 100 guineas. It was that each did not ride over a brook that measured six yards in the clear, *without disturbing the water*. They both cleared it handsomely, but a bit of dirt being thrown back into it by Lord Alvanley's horse, after he had landed, it was of course decided against his Lordship.

Among the accidents that happen from brook-jumping, over-reaching horses is the most common. To guard against this, the inside edge of the hinder shoes should be bevilled down with the blacksmith's hammer, so as to make it quite harmless, as the best preventitive of over-reaching.

A horse cannot be called a hunter unless he is a good brook-jumper; but to be a very good one is a rare qualification. It is not that almost every horse has not the power of extending himself over six or seven yards of water; but a great many of them appear to have a more natural dislike to it than to any other species of fence; and to get over a wide brook requires as much resolution in a horse as in his rider; and in no part of riding to hounds does a man distinguish himself more. When I was in the habit of making young horses into hunters I found the best effect from the following plan of education: I used to pitch upon rather a soft meadow, through which ran a small rivulet, or "brookling," as it is termed, with shelving banks on each side, so that there was no possibility of getting a fall by a young one putting his feet into it at taking off. I then accustomed him to go three parts speed at it, taking it in his stroke, which he generally appeared to do with increased confidence every time he was ridden at it. I never rode him over it more than three times in one day, taking care he did not see it till he came close to it. I have frequently seen six or seven yards, from side to side, cleared in this way without apparent difficulty. The advantage of this method is, that it gives confidence to a young one, as, from the nature of the ground, a mistake cannot happen; and I have no doubt but that many horses are prevented from ever being good brook-jumpers by getting into brooks before they know how to get over them. I had a very satisfactory prrof of the efficacy of this plan three years ago with a thorough-bred horse, just out of training, and who, when I first had him, stopped short and snorted even at a deep cart-rut: after a few of these lessons, he would leap a very fair brook,—merely the result of confidence in himself.

Amongst other countries, I hunted one season in Ireland; and there I found out the reason of the horses of that country being such good drain-leapers, as they are called, which is to be attributed solely to their education. If an Irishman has got a clever young horse, which he means to make a hunter, he puts a fellow more than half drunk on his back, with a pair of sharp spurs and a *cutting whip* (Anglice, a hand-whip,) and he gallops him at all sorts of fences, regardless whether he goes into them or over them—though with the help of the instruments just mentioned, and a good "Horough! by Jasus, the devil a balk you're going to make now!" the latter is generally accomplished. In our own country, however, I am sorry to say, a little punishment is wanting to persuade most horses to extend themselves over large brooks; and "the persuaders," as they are termed, as well as a stroke or two of the whip down the shoulders, are of the greatest use. It should here be observed, that though the spurs should be applied when in the act of charging a brook, the rider's knees should be straightened before he comes to the bank, or, in case of a refusal, a ducking must be the consequence.

Most people know what number of brooks there are in the Quorn and Belvoir countries; and most sportsmen have heard what a rare hand Tom Smith is at getting over them. The Styx itself would scarcely stop him when a fox is sinking. This is to be attributed to his resolute way of riding to hounds, by which his horses know it is in vain to refuse whatever he may put them at. What I have now said was strongly exemplified when he hunted the Quorn hounds. He was galloping at three parts speed down one of those large fields in the Harborough country, in the act of bringing his hounds to a scent, and was looking back to see if they were coming: in the middle of this field, and exactly in the course in which his horse was going, was a pond of water, into which he leaped, thinking it useless to refuse, and of course not knowing that he was not intended to do so. This horse would, no doubt, have jumped into the Thames or the Severn.

Milton gives reason to brutes; and undoubtedly some hunters that have been ridden many seasons in enclosed countries, and are of docile tempers, nearly bear him out in this hypothesis—for it is wonderful with what care and caution many of them avoid danger, and at the same time ease themselves of labor in a run, by taking every advantage of picking their ground. A horse of this description can scarcely be made to go on the top of a deep-ploughed land, as he knows he shall tread much more firmly in the furrow; and he will make many attempts to get on head-lands and other sound ground. I once saw a particular instance of sagacity in a hunter of my own, which I shall never forget: I was riding him at a small fence in Northamptonshire, having my eye intent on the hounds, and did not see a row of live stakes, the remains of another fence which had been cut up, as is common in that country, and on which he would have alighted; but he stopped short, and refused it. Whether this was or was not reason, I leave others to determine; but it was something "*sui generis*," which saved me a good horse, and I am satisfied.

* A "slow top" is one who is so unfortunate as to appear by a covert's side, within twenty miles of **Melton Mowbray**, under any of the following circumstances:—"With a front to his bridle, or with a martingal; on a country-made saddle, with nobs on his stirrups; with a saddle-cloth; in a straight-cut coat; in leather breeches or military spurs. It is deemed *impossible* that such a man can "do the thing."

* All hunters are horses, but all horses are not hunters.

THE RACES:

1st *Horseman.*—This is a very pretty considerable churchyard we're passing. We shall never come to the end of the tombstones, and yet we ride handsome.

2nd *Horseman.*—Tombstones! That's magnificent! My mare guesses what they are, I reckon. *They're milestones!* *American Fact.*

The philosopher, when asked to take an ice, declined, observing that he should like ice very well if it were not so *cold*. Perhaps, for a similar reason, he declined going to Epsom on Thursday. A race would afford him infinite enjoyment if it were not executed with such unreasonable *rapidity*. To an economist of pleasure, such excessive celerity must seem a sad waste of riding. Every nerve of horse and rider strained to the uttermost, in order to have the enjoyment over as soon as possible! It does appear ridiculous. All pleasure is short-lived enough, except that of watching the vices of our friends and contrasting them with our own virtues; but why we should seek to abridge its existence, as in this instance of a race—why we should try to put an end to that which most charms and excites us—why we should "move heaven and earth" to prevent the pleasure from lasting more than a minute—this is a puzzle for Philosophy. Here are thousands and thousands of people—the picked and chosen of all ranks, the cream of every class—congregated on a certain day within an appointed space, to witness one of the most extraordinary and exciting spectacles that ever set the eye straining or the heart beating; and behold!—the instant the spectacle is announced, every individual actor in it, the horse and horseman, the rider and the ridden, enters eagerly into conspiracy, and bends up each corporeal agent for a supernatural degree of exertion, in order to terminate the long-anticipated affair within the shortest possible time that human and brute nature will admit of. The very principle of the pleasure here is made to consist in its brevity. The beauty of the "splendid view" that we command, consists in a momentary glimpse.—The delight would evaporate if it were to last long enough for us to be conscious of it. The success of the thing depends upon its ending as soon as it begins.—A fine gentleman in one of Foote's farces, giving orders to his tailor to prepare him that portion of dress which was once (and, to the dismay of some present attendants at Court, is again to be) worn particularly *tight*, gives him the following emphatic notice—"Now, mind, if I can get into them, I won't have them! The connoisseur in raiment, might describe the true spirit of the sport, by saying—"Now if I should be able to see the race well, I shan't like it." At Epsom, the obscure is the grand source of the sublime. The sight's magnificence requires that it should be all but invisible.

We must leave Philosophy to spin out his pleasure in the contemplation of a race of twelve tortoises. On that he may feast his eyes, and take full time for enjoyment. Long ere the most impetuous and daring of the dozen shall have reached the winning-post, we shall have the satisfaction of encountering Philosophy on the grand stand at Epsom, slily avowing that he comes to see the horses "walk over the ground," but secretly convinced that there is nothing so good as seeing that paragon of four-legged animals, the Race-horse, in his best condition and at his finest speed, and conscious that the run for the Derby is a sight not to be missed by any lover of the sublime and beautiful.

The beauty of the scene this year scarcely admits of being eclipsed. Everything combined to give brilliancy to it; but it may fairly be owned, that to nothing are we so much indebted for this devoutly-to-be-wished consummation as the Weather. All honor to the weather for once! The English climate deserves a compliment. Not to go over the old ground for the hundredth time by describing the exploits, adventures, and vicissitudes of the road, or the congregated delights and difficulties of the ground, we may content ourselves with bearing testimony to the more than common decorum that was preserved by one class of the visitors, and the unsurpassed brilliancy of that other class, to which it is natural to look for much of the elegance and interest of the spectacle. The Grand Stand was a grand picture, crowded with clustres of beauty, and exquisitely lit up by a broad and genial blaze of sunshine. The running on each of the days was in every respect calculated to gratify the taste of the more experienced and critical, as well as the curiosity of those who looked on for pleasure's sake merely. On the great day of the race for the Derby, there was not a few melancholy looking visages powerfully contrasted with the general looks of satisfaotion; many a face grew as long as the race; and the gloomy spots upon the brightness of the assembled company were, there is every reason to suppose, solely attributable to Lord Jersey's *Bay Middleton*, an animal that had the effrontery to beat all his competitors in gallant style by a couple of lengths. But "envy does merit as its shade pursue;" and it was insisted by some of those who lost, that B. M. would not have won the prize at all, but for some sad mistakes at starting, occasioned by the restiveness of Mr. Chifney's *Athenian*, upon whom force and persuasion were equally thrown away, and whose sole delight was to produce the most admired disorder. Much altercation ensued respecting the fairness of the start, which was certainly unfortunate to the spectators, let who will have lost by it otherwise. The winner, however, won well; he comes of a "winning family" in fact; and his noble owner and his friends have many thousands of reasons for felicitating themselves on the result of this interesting race. The "betting-men," on the other hand, have with one or two exceptions a like number of reasons for deeming it a very dull and disagreeable run. Opinions will vary in these cases.

London Court Journal, 21st May, 1836.

A Radical Economist.—A man in this vicinity, (says the Germantown Telegraph), celebrated for his extreme economy—to give it no other name—bought three pounds of stale, sour cherries, one evening last week, for which he paid six cents, and fearing they would not *keep* till morning, ate the whole at once. The consequence naturally enough was, that he had a severe attack of colic, so that the Doctor had to be called in. After stating his case, and being cross-questioned, the physician told him that it was brought on by the great quantity of cherries he had eaten; and that one-third was as many as could have been taken with safety. The griped economist answered that he was forced to eat them all, as they had already shown some signs of rottenness. "No matter," replied the physician, "you should not have eaten them." "What!" ejaculated the wincing patient, "and let 'em *spile?* Never!" And thus, for the sake of *saving*, as Mr. Saveall considered it, four cents' worth of cherries, he run himself into four dollars' worth of "medical attendance." An so it is with too many of the world: they will, in the language of the old saw, "skin a flint" for a cent, and ruin a knife worth sixpence.

MANAGEMENT OF HORSES.

The feeding of horses is a thing which for the most part is indifferently attended to in this country, and indeed the *system of feeding* which has been adopted, is but ill calculated to preserve these noble animals in full health and unimpaired in strength and vigor of body. With many planters and farmers, nothing but corn and oats, in the whole grain are doled out from one end of the year to the other. Now, these are highly nutricious and excellent substances, and well calculated to sustain horses under continued and laborious work, but then are they not both too heating to the blood, and too difficult of digestion to be given without change during the whole year? Would it not be better, putting the saving out the question, to reduce those grains to something like digestible substances. Whether the horse be fed upon corn or oats, in the whole grain, they necessarily void a large portion of them in precisely the same state in which they are received in his stomach. The fact is too well established to be denied at this late day, and hence it follows that all portions of grains which are eaten by the horse and not digested, serve to irritate the coat of the stomach, inflame the blood, and, by necessary consequences, disease the whole system. The health of a man's family is very properly said to be dependent as much upon his cook as upon any other earthly agent, whether referable to physical or atmospheric causes. Writers upon human health ivariably recommend plainness of diet, moderation of eating, exercise, and general temperance, and the substances which are the most earnestly commended to our favor, are those which afford the most bland nutrition, and which are easiest of conversion into chyle. If these recommendations hold good with respect to human diet, we would ask, are not the same general laws of nature applicable to the horse? If man lives luxuriously and feeds upon high seasoned and luscious food, the chances are ten to one against him that he will get the gout, or some inflammatory disease; and if he feeds upon substances difficult of digestion, he is just as sure to be visited with that worse than pestilent distemper—the dyspepsia. Ah! but would you compare the horse to a man? we think we hear some ask: and lest our motives be mistaken, we will take the liberty of replying to the query in advance of its being solemnly put to us. We do not compare the horse to the man, but we hold it as of a truth which admits not of contradiction—that all the alimentary substances, to be profitable to the stomach of either man or horse, should be not only nutricious and bland, but should be eaten in that state which it is best calculated to undergo the digestive process. Mastication does much to prepare the food of the horse for that operation; but the evidences which are afforded by the substance voided by this animal, incontestibly show that it fails most lamentably in the performance of this highly necessary work. In England, where the management of stock generally, and particularly of the horse, is reduced to a matter of science, but few intelligent feeders think of giving food to that animal in an uncrushed state; nor do they confine them to grain alone, and for the assigned reason, that it is too *heating*. Potatoes and ruta bags form a part of the feed of studs of most English country gentlemen: by which means they keep their horses in better health; the occasional feeding with roots serving to open their bowels, cool their blood, determine the secretions to the surface, render the skin loose, and the hair silky and healthy. We have said that independently of the saving which is thus effected, the other reasons are sufficient to justify a resort to the practice; and we would ask is not the melioration with the animal to which we have just alluded, sufficient of itself to make it an object worthy of every consideration? We think it is, and should be rejoiced to find that our suggestions were improved upon by American horse owners, for we honestly believe that infinite good both to the master and beast would inevitably result from it.

Baltimore Farmer and Gardener.

ASCOT HEATH RACES.

The genius of Ascot was resolved not to be eclipsed by Epsom—nor even by its own brilliant achievements in former years. The most perverse and fastidious of mortals, who take delight in overcoloring the past for the sake of depreciating the present, and who would insist that however well the jockeys might ride, there was yet some "falling off," cannot hesitate this time to join in the general admission, that a more splendid assemblage has not been seen on Ascot Heath since the year when Zinganee carried off the cup. The glorious days,

—— when George the Fourth was King,

are present still: and the old descriptions of the "combination of rank and beauty," and the "lavish profusion of charms," would serve our present purpose with a mere alteration of dates. There is no resisting, however, the quotation of that quintessence of moral poetry, the "puff," and we find it delicately applied to the display at Ascot on Thursday. "The constellation of charms irradiating the scene with the feeling of spontaneous admiration, awakens also that of regret, that aught less balmy than the breath of Zephyr, or less congenial than the dews of a perpetual spring, should visit the delicate tints which bloom on the female countenance!" After this what can be said?—except indeed, that it sometimes fortunately happens that regrets are fictions—while raptures are realities.

The racing on the "Cup-day," more than atoned for certain deficiencies that made themselves discernible on the two former days; nor have we yet heard of anything more than the ordinary feeling of disappointment and mortification on the side of the losers, to set off and contrast with the natural exultation of the winners. Nothing seems to have transpired to sadden in any noticeable degree the remembrance of the scene, or to append an afflicting tale or an awful moral to the enjoyment of the day.

Suffocation is but a tame word to express the effect of the crowded state of some parts of the stands, nor would it be easy to describe, save by actual colors, the beauty of the scene, presented by the triple rows of carriages lining the course to the turn, and the density of the mass collected upon the heath. The Royal party on this day was rather larger than on Tuesday, but did not include their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent, Princess Victoria, and Prince of Hesse Homberg, as had been generally expected. In the first carriage with the King and Queen, were the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Brunswick; in the others were the Princes William and Alexander, of the Netherlands, Prince Ernest of Hesse Phillippsthal, Prince George of Cambridge, Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Duke of Grafton, Earls of Albemarle, Denbigh, Howe; Lords Curzon, Burghersh, Fielding, Cawdor, De Lisle, F. Fitzclarence, Brownlow; Ladies Mary Fox, F. Fitzclarence, De Lisle, Brownlow, Cawdor; Sirs A. Barnard, J. Wyattville, C. Thornton; Hon. Messrs. Curzon, Ashley, and Lady; Captain Curzon; Misses Mitchell and Wilson; Mr. Wood, Mr. Shiffner, Col. Bowater, and the children of Lords Howe and Denbigh. Court Journal.

ENGLISH AND FRENCH MORALS CONTRASTED.

No Englishman who observes and compares can resist the impression, that whatever the French nation may be, Paris is an immoral capital. Admitted within the threshold of society, he finds intrigues of gallantry the great staple of conversation, as if they were business of life. An acquaintance with the town discovers to him sensuality reduced to system—governed by a certain conventional decency, and a certain economy of fortune, health and time. London, it must be admitted, teems with vice and crime, and the wealthy, who are there so numerous, can be as sumptuously profligate as they please. But in London there is a barrier between the degraded and the honest of the sex. Vice in London presents her face ungauzed—in her deformity—and debauchery is so intemperate and coarse—so prodigal of fortune, health and character, that it destroys or degrades its victim after a short career, or else it becomes revolting after the riotous animal spirits of youth have evaporated.

It is a maxim in England, that a reformed rake makes the best husband. We will not answer for its truth, but we assert, that in Paris a rake is never reformed. It is not necessary he should. Vice is there refined and veiled, so as to shock neither the individual himself nor the world. The reputable and disreputable of the community are separated by no distinct line of demarcation. In London this boundary is universally, if not strictly, observed. There is doubtless in London a greater prevalence of intemperance and orgies. This we think may be in part ascribed to the exclusion of evening visits. In Paris one may make an evening visit unasked, on mere acquaintance. The luxuries and ostentation of eating and drinking, which seem the main object of evening society in London, are there subordinate or little thought of. But still this restricted English system of evening society, while it promotes coarse dissipation abroad, keeps the domestic circle but the more pure at home. The wives and daughters of England cannot return improved from a residence in Paris. There are few circles into which a modest Englishwowan, with merely English habits, could advantageously be introduced. The women of France, mingle with the men in the conversation of the world on an equal footing—Frenchmen, and Frenchwomen, who talk freely of the intrigues of the opera dancers, and discuss chastity and "the senses," like philosophers, without further transgression. An Englishwoman laying aside her national reserve, and indulging in a new license, will not know, with the Frenchwoman, how and where to stop. But we must guard ourselves against being misunderstood. Englishmen in France, deceived by the frank and familiar tone of Frenchwomen, have sometimes formed notions and made representations of their general conduct alike vulgar and unfounded.—No woman, we believe, of any country, know better when and how to make themselves respected. Their conjugal infidelities are not more frequent than elsewhere, and the fault, (we assert it in all seriousness), should be charged upon their husbands. Every Frenchman affects gallantry, makes a declaration to every woman he meets, sets the example of seduction to his neighbor, and of levity to his wife, and has little right to complain. We again disclaim imputing to Frenchwomen infidelity as wives—we judge them, on the contrary, tender, generous, and devoted. But the man who possesses the hand of a Frenchwoman without her heart, or who, having gained her heart no more prizes it, is, we think, somewhat exposed to what they pleasantly term the common lot.

British and Foreign Review.

At the theatre San Carlos, at Naples, during the performance of the ballet of *Ulysse*, a young dancer, Mdlle. Aubry, who appeared as *Minerva*, whilst descending from the clouds, fell on the stage from a height of 15 or 20 feet, and broke her thigh, owing to the machinery giving way. The King, who was present, on the following day granted her a pension of 80*l*.

NEW SERIES FOR 1836.

The New York Spirit of the Times;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE

Of the Sporting, Fashionable, and Literary World,

ON A PLAN MORE ORIGINAL AND ATTRACTIVE THAN ANY WEEKLY JOURNAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. T. PORTER, EDITOR.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES is essentially a Sporting Journal; but, as it is a well-grounded objection against all *mere sporting papers*, that they are extremely monotonous, the plan of this publication will include a wider range, and the concerns of *Literature* and *the Drama*, Foreign and Domestic *Intelligence*, *Doings in the Fashionable Circles*, &c., &c., will fall within the scope of our design, and render it at once grateful to the sportsman and general reader.

For the fulfilment of our purposes, numerous subjects will claim our attention, and first,

THE SPORTING DEPARTMENT.

THE TURF.—The prominent design of the Spirit of the Times, will be to procure and give interest to the Sports of the Turf. To this end, it will present a complete *American Racing Calendar*, compiled with that accuracy which alone gives value to a Register of the Turf. The Races over the principal Courses in the Union, will be reported by our own agents and correspondents at the earliest day; and for the results over other Courses, we shall rely, as heretofore, upon the kindness of the Secretaries of Clubs.

And, in order to render this department still more comprehensive and valuable, the affairs of the ENGLISH TURF will receive constant attention; and the whole *racing matter* of "Bell's Life in London" will be regularly published by us, with *very copious extracts* made from the English Sporting Magazines.

BLOODED STOCK.—All importations of Blooded Stock, and all important sales of stock at home and in England—selected essays on the breeding and management of horses, and a regular review of Stallions, with pedigree, performances, &c., will be published in our columns

TROTTING.—Constantly increasing attention is now paid to Trotting Horses in this country; and the cities of New York and Philadelphia, beyond a doubt, own more horses of superior strength and speed, as trotters, than all America besides—and England to boot. We shall take every care that full justice is done to them in our TROTTING CALENDAR; and that an interest may be given to this department, and a wholesome rivalry maintained, we shall record all the great trotting feats both in this country and in England.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—So great is the number of our Correspondents at home, and so complete are our arrangements abroad, that we do dot hesitate to promise our readers *earlier Sporting Intelligence* than can be procured through any other channel. Under this head we shall also give the time of the different *Races to come*, Lists of *Sweepstakes* open, Racing and Trotting *Challenges*, and all the *On Dits* in the Sporting World.

FIELD SPORTS.—Early reports of the meetings of the Washington and Montreal *Hunts* are promised us by gentlemen as spirited and graceful with the pen as when they "touch knees across the saddle or under mahogany." The doings of similar associations at the West and South will meet with a cordial welcome from us."

It would be idle to go through with "promises of performance" upon all the manly diversions which give zest to life;—suffice it, that we are determined to make *The Spirit of the Times*, a COMPLETE SPORTING PAPER, and in its columns shall be found, at intervals, the discussion and the narratives which appertain to the following subjects; merely premising that AQUATIC SPORTS and PEDESTRIANISM, which are daily becoming more popular with us, shall henceforth find a more extended notice.

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF;
IMPORTATIONS AND SALES OF BLOODED STOCK; BREEDING AND TRAINING
RACING AND TROTTING CHALLENGES; AMERICAN RACES TO COME;
SWEEPSTAKES OPEN THROUGHOUT THE UNION;
ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES;
PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF CELEBRATED HORSES,
COURSING AND HUNTING AT HOME AND ABROAD; SHOOTING AND FISHING;
RIFLE AND PISTOL PRACTICE IN AMERICA AND EUROPE;
ROWING AND SAILING;
INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN; PEDESTRIANISM;
SKATING, AND RURAL SPORTS, &c., &c. &c.,

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Although the leading objects of our paper are of a sporting cast, our readers may rely upon it that we shall not be behind hand in high and elegant literature; and if we confine our *originals* to notices of *New Books*, *Reviews*, and *Magazines*, and discussion of current letters, we shall make ample amends by our selections from the *choice Belles Lettres* of America and Great Britain, and could we bring our taste up to the standard of our industry, we would promise at once that the selected portion of this department should be gay, graceful and spirited.

THEATRICAL DEPARTMENT.

As an object of lively interest, *the Drama* will demand our best efforts. Without stint or measure, but with candour and impartiality, we shall take cognizance of the novelties presented us at the three establishments so generously fostered by the bounty of this community. Occasional statements will be given illustrative of the condition of *the English Stage* and the standing of the brightest ornaments of the profession. With means adequate to the task, we shall bring to the undertaking an untiring resolution and an unbiased mind.

Aspirants to histrionic distinction may always look to us with confidence for encouragement and support. We shall be foremost to give publicity to humble worth and neglected talent; and although we can never prostitute our column, to uphold the undeserving, we shall eagerly seize the opportunity to extend a helping hand to the timid and unknown, and re-assure them with our might in their course "up Fame's proud summit."

DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS.—A novel, and we have reason to believe, a popular feature in this department, will be our plan of occasionally giving DRAMATIC MINIATURE PORTRAITS—executed, not with the crayon or burin, but pure pen and ink sketches—of some of the distinguished performers on the American stage. The necessary arrangements to accomplish this end have long been in progress. In each sketch will be given a succinct and authentic biography of the subject, interspersed with familiar anecdotes of their *debuts* and subsequent rise in their profession, critical notices of their popular characters, their peculiar style, etc. etc.

Besides many others that will hereafter be named, the following ladies and gentlemen have been selected to grace our DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MANAGERS OF THE PRINCIPAL AMERICAN THEATRES.

Edwin Forrest,	Frances Mary Pritchard,	Emma Wheatley,
William E. Burton,	John Sefton,	George Barrett,
Eliza Sharpe,	Louisa A. Phillips,	Junius Brutus Booth,
John R. Scott,	Henry James Hackett,	Clara (Fisher) Maeder,
Celeste Kepler,	Fanny A. Drake,	George H. Hill,
John Fisher,	Joseph M. Field,	Tyrone Power,
Eliza Riddle,	Henry Placide,	Charlotte Watson,
Joseph Wood,	Mary Vos,	Augustus A. Adams,
Mary Wood,	James W. Wallack,	Josephine Clifton,
Henry James Finn,	Elizabeth Chapman,	Charles Kean,
Mary Duff,	Charles Booth Parsons,	John Barnes,
John Mason,	William F. Gates,	J. W. S. Hows.

GREEN ROOM INTELLIGENCE will form an item in our Theatrical department, in which we shall ever and anon record the positions and the movements of the "*Stars*" in the theatrical firmament; and readers may look to our columns for information of this kind with all confidence of learning the *true* whereabouts of their errant favorites.

SALMAGUNDI.

This is the miscellaneous department of the paper, and it will be so managed, we hope, as to give zest to all the rest. It will be composed of every variety of material; sober news, both foreign and domestic—remarks upon the fashions—fun and frolic—scraps and oddities; in fine, every thing we can glean of wit and merriment, will be crowded into our columns.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

To aid our own endeavors in sustaining the interest of the paper, the Proprietors have gone to the expence of establishing a FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE, which is now in full operation. Upon this source, we shall rely for early intelligence of *English Sporting*, as well as for the interesting details of *Foreign Theatricals*, and fashionable scandal, &c. &c. And, at the same time, we shall carry on an extensive domestic correspondence; and our readers shall hear as often as they will from the lively letter-writers of distant cities, as well as from our old and popular correspondents, *The Girls up Town*. And, lest all these attempts to please should fall short of our wishes, we shall shortly commence the publication of

A GALLERY OF COMICALITIES,

OR SERIES OF CARRICATURES. And if these fail to make our readers laugh, it will be because the American *Johnston* and English *Cruickshank* have ceased to sketch, or grown musty in their wit.

Such are the prominent features in the plan of our publication. With considerable experience, and some enthusiasm in the chosen line of his profession, the Editor will only pledge himself to his readers for the most zealous and untiring industry.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

The NEW SERIES of the New-York *Spirit of the Times*, for town and country, is published every Saturday morning, in the quarto form, on paper of the finest texture, of the mammoth size, and with new and very beautiful type, and forwarded by the earliest mails, with the utmost care and punctuality, at the following prices.

For One Year's Subscription (in advance)	$5 00
For Six Months	2 50

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The invariable charge for advertisements, will be—

First insertion, per square of 22 lines	$3 00
Each subsequent insertion	0 50

Advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication Office, 171 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-street, where communications, post-paid, may be addressed to

WILLIAM T. PORTER,
Editor, and Agent for the Proprietors.

New-York, Feb. 20, 1836

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Manma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrified into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New-Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

THEATRICAL CARD.

WE, the undersigned, Managers of the Nashville Theatre, Tennessee, deem it necessary to state, as a caution to managers generally, that after engaging a full stock company, together with an efficient orchestra, that would cope with any other establishment in the United States, to open on the 15th instant, have been deterred from doing so, owing to the non-arrival of several, who were *bona fide* engaged, and who have shown no cause whatever for breaking their engagement—to wit:

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, formerly Miss Lane; Mrs. Kinloch; Mr. G. S. Lyons; Mrs. Lyons; Mr. Thompson; Charles Mather; J. S. Silsby; all from the St. Charles-st. Theatre, New Orleans. Also, J Fly, Stage Carpenter.

Having taken legal advice, we shall prosecute each and all on this black list, whom we deem unworthy of the attention of any respectable manager.

J. WARRELL & THOS. M. GROVES.

Nashville, Tennessee, June 18, 1836. jy 16.

WANTED.

BY a young man, who can procure the most undoubted security and references, a situation as Book-keeper or assistant, or Collecting Clerk. The advertiser has many advantages, and would make himself generally useful. Please address M. P. 147 Fulton street.

WANTED,

A PARTNER, in the Porter, Ale, and Wine Bottling Business. Any person having a few hundred dollars, would find it their interest to embark in the above, as the advertiser has first rate connexions, and will embark a suitable capital.

Address J. P. at 296 Pearl street, stating real name and where an interview may be had.

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations. Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano, Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,
jy 23. 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

A CARD.

WM. A. COLMAN, No. 205 Broadway, New York, having fitted up at much expense, this building, for the display of his extensive assortment of fine Books and splendid Engravings, and for the purpose of selling Oil Paintings by Modern as well as Ancient Artists, which have merit to recommend them; takes this opportunity of offering to his friends and customers, his sincere acknowledgments for their liberal patronage for years past, and also to solicit their continuance at his new store, which will be found an agreeable resort for the purchase of rare and valuable Books, new Publications, Oil Paintings, and Highly Colored Engravings, many of which are expressly got up for his establishment, by one of the first houses in London and in Paris. He holds out no other inducement, in comparison with other similar stores, than a large assortment of the best articles which can be obtained, and to sell them at a fair profit for ready money.

A Catalogue of his extensive stock will be prepared as soon as possible. jy 23.

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson,	The CHAMPLAIN,	Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY,	" J. G. Jenkins,	" NORTH AMERICA,	" G. Lathrop,
" OHIO,	" M. Bartholomew,	" DE WITT CLINTON,	S. R. Roe.
The ROBERT L. STEVENS,		J. P. Dean.	

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped, or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owner of such goods, freight, baggage &c.

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

BELMONT HOUSE. NEW-BRIGHTON.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that the Hotel at New Brighton, Staten Island, is now open for the reception of company. Every effort has been made in arranging the Establishment, to render it a place of rural and agreeable resort. A large Bathing Establishment will be ready by the first of July; and the walks and rides in the neighbourhood are proverbially beautiful. The Steamboat arrangements give it advantages over many other Establishments in the vicinity of New-York. Gentleman desirous of being in the City, can arrive at their places of business as early as they would from the uppermost part of the City. The hours of meals will be made so as to suit the wishes of all. Dinner will not be announced until the Boat which leaves New-York at 3 o'clock, has arrived.

The house will be under the charge of Mr. James Mears, who is favourably known to the friends and visitors of the American Hotel in New York. The Wines and Liquors have been selected from the cellars of the Hotel, and will be found of the choicest quality.

EDWARD MILFORD, *Proprietor American Hotel, New-York.*

New York, June 4th, 1836.

☞The Steamboats Water-Witch and Cinderella leave pier No 1, North River, at 7, 9, 12 3 5 and 7, for New-Brighton. J. 11—4w.

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.

KILLINWORTH, Con. June, 1836. june 25

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but; owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them—it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & Co.'s Music Store, and at ATWILL'S Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 20

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

NO. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for the last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the country have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so moderate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of all who require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon as it is the intention of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at any time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

HENRY WELLS, Principal.

New-York, June 28, 1836.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and taken lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and fluency. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the most obstinate cases. W. F. CALDWELL.

Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease. CYRUS W. PRATT.

Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the city of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit. Hearing of Mr Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use of my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my organs of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think no person need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this system. During the time I have been in his school, some thirty or forty pupils have attended; and none of them, so far as I know, without being cured. A wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make this statement.

ANDREW S. PERRY.

Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836. july 2 tf

CUSTOM-HOUSE HOTEL,

CORNER OF PINE AND NASSAU-STREETS, New-York.—The subscriber having opened the above house on the European plan, is now ready to accommodate his friends and the public in superior style. The house is built on a modern and improved plan, and furnished with every convenience and all the luxuries of an unrivalled market. The lodging rooms are airy and well furnished, and in perfect order. The ordinary is neat, convenient, and well furnished, and the tables shall always be supplied with all the rarity the market affords—served up by experienced cooks.

Gentlemen on business will find this a most desirable and central situation, being near Wall and all the business streets; and the proprietor pledges himself that no pains shall be spared on his part to make visitors comfortable and perfectly at home.

mar 5 JAMES HORN, JUN.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME, 1836-7-8.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - - Match, Four mile heats, $500 a side; *Hickory John* vs. *Miss Medley*, Lafayette Course, Tuesday, 6th Dec.
ALEXANDRIA, La. - - - Match, Mile heats, $10,000 aside and $5,500 inside stake; *Linnet* vs. *Coahoma*, Rapides Course, 15th Dec.
" " Match, Three mile heats, $6,000 aside, $1,000 inside stake; *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin*, Rapides Course, 16th Dec.
BALTIMORE, Md - - - Jockey Club, Central Course, 3d Tuesday, 18th Oct.
" " Match $9000 aside, ch c *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of spr. meeting, 1837.
BELFIELD, Va - - - - Fall meeting, second Tuesday, 12th Sept.
BLAINVILLE, L. C. - - Third Monday, 15th Aug. (After 1st day open to all horses.)
CULPEPER C. H. Va. - Jockey Club, Tuesday, 13th of Sept.
CHARLESTOWN, Va. - - Jefferson Co. Jockey Club, Monday, 26th Sept.
" " Match, $1000 a side, —— heats, *Charley Scott*, vs. B. F., full sister to *Encierro*, Jefferson Co. Course, 1st day of Fall meeting
CRAB ORCHARD, Ky., Spring Hill Association, Thursday, 1st Sept.
DAVISON'S COURSE, - Near Trenton, N. J. 1st Tuesday, 6th Sept.
DANVILLE, Va. - - - Jockey Club, Tuesday, 11th Oct.
FRANKLIN, La. - - - - Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
FLORENCE, Ala. - - - - Jockey Club, 4th Monday, 24th Oct.
GALLATIN, Tenn. - - Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Sept.
HARTSVILLE, Tenn. - Jockey Club, Central Course, Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th Sept.
JACKSON, Tenn. - - - District Central Club, Madison Co., First Meeting in Oct
KENDALL COURSE, Md. Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 25th Oct.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - - Match, Four mile heats, $5,000 aside, *Augusta* of Tenn., vs. *Rodolph* of Ky., Wednesday, 21st Sept.
MT. PLEASANT, Tenn. Jockey Club, 2d Tuesday, 11th Oct.
NEW-YORK CITY. - - - Jockey Club, First Fall Meeting, Union Course, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - Match, Mile heats, $5,000 aside, *Red Maria* vs. *Chickfahila*, Pharsalia Course, Dec.
" " Match, Four mile heats, $2,000 aside, *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*, Pharsalia Course, Jan. 29, 1837.
" " Match, Four mile heats, $6,000 aside; *Prince Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yeadell*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 27th, 1837.
" " Match, Four mile heats, $500 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope*; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1st.
" " Match, Mile heats, $1000 aside; b. c. by Pacific, vs. Imp. b. c. by Lonzwaist; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
" " Match, Mile heats, $2000 aside; bm. br. to Naked Truth, vs. Imp. f. by Muley; Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
" " Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837. [Day and distance not declared.]
" " Match, $3000 a-side, h. ft., Two mile heats, *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Pharsalia Course, Feb. 1837.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - - Jockey Club, Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 27th Sept.
" " Match.—heats, $5,000 aside, produce of *Henrietta* and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
OXFORD, N. C. - - - - Wednesday, 19th Oct.
PITTSBURGH, Pa. - - - Jockey Club, Thursday, 29th Sept.
ST. LOUIS, Mo. - - - - Sweepstakes, [not the regular Club meeting], Friday, 16th Oct.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - Eagle Course, 1st Fall Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th Sept.
TAPPAHANNOCK, Va. - Match, Three mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Robin Brown* vs. *Isaac Cline*, Mount Clement Course, Monday previous to Fall Meeting.
UPPER MARLBORO, Md. Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Oct.
" " Match, —— heats, $500 aside, h. ft., *Camilla*, vs. *Charles Magic*, 1st day of Fall meeting, Tuesday, 4th Oct.
" " Match, —— heats, $300 aside, h. ft. *Partnership*, vs. *Lady Amelia*, Saturday, 8th Oct., last day of Fall meeting.
WASHINGTON, D. C. - National Jockey Club, Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 11th Oct.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—When lying on the bed of sickness in Sussex Place, London, it happened that one day he was seized with a fancy for a particular species of fish. Unfortunately it was not to be procured at the West-end, so the servant was despatched eastward, where, after threading a variety of streets, and meeting with a variety of disappointments, he at last met with the dainty at a White-chapel fishmonger's. But his application was made too late. The fish was sold, and the tradesman resolute in his rejection of all terms. At last he inquired whom it was wanted for, and being duly enlightened thereon, replied, "For Walter Scott, hey? Oh, that is a different matter;" and not only insisted on supplying the fish gratis, but even on trudging up with it himself the whole way to Sussex Place, in order, we conclude, that in future times he might be enabled to boast of having "done business" with Sir Walter Scott! Here is a proof the talismanic power of genius. To subdue the sense of self interest in a White-chapel fishmonger! Was ever such a triumph? We shall always think the better of human nature for this one delightful anecdote.

SAGACITY OF DOGS.—Many curious yet well authenticated anecdotes, illustrating the wonderful sagacity of the canine race, are related—among which the following, which we find in an old English paper, is not the least remarkable. A large Newfoundland dog belonged to the Captain of a ship engaged in the trade between Nova Scotia and Greenock. On one occasion, the Captain brought from Halifax a beautiful cat, which formed a particular acquaintance with Rover; and these two animals of such different natures were almost inseparable during the passage. On arriving at Greenock, the cat was presented by the Captain to a lady of his acquaintance, who resided nearly half a mile from the quay, in whose family she remained for several weeks, and was occasionally visited by her friend and fellow passenger, Rover, who seemed not a little displeased at the separation, which had taken place between them. On the day, however, when the ship was to leave the port for another voyage, the unusual bustle on board gave Rover a hint of what was going on—and he decided on his course of conduct without delay. He jumped on shore, made his last visit to puss, seized her in his teeth, much to her astonishment, and carried her through the streets to the quay, just as the ship was about hauling off. He made a spring, cleared the gunwale, and fairly shipped his feline friend in good order and well conditioned, in and upon the good ship called the Nancy of Greenock: and then ran to his master wagging his tail, as if entreating that she might be allowed to remain on board!

Boston Mercantile Journal.

NEW CUSTOM HOUSE IN NEW-YORK.—This truly splendid building is now going up with extreme rapidity. The basement is finished—the arches all thrown—and the great cell, as it is called in architecture, begun. This is one of the most durable structures that was ever put up in New-York. A short time ago, it was necessary to pull down a part of one of the walls. In doing so, it was found that the cement was so adhesive as to render it necessary to break it up as you would a rock. A gothic building a thousand years old was not firmer. The whole quantity of marble to be used in this great structure *would face all Wall-street with a wall six inches thick.—What a piece of work!* Express.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

FOURTH GRAND SACRED CONCERT.—Last night of the engagement of *Mrs. and Miss Watson*—last night of the engagement of Signor Fabj—4th appearance of Signor Gambati, Signor Cioffi, and Mr. Jas. Kendall, of Boston, at the Sacred Concerts,—first appearance of Mr. Dempster.

The universal satisfaction expressed at the Sacred Performance last Sunday evening, is at once highly flattering to the distinguished talent engaged, and gratifying both to the proprietor and the Conductor of the Concerts, who have made such arrangements for their entertainment during the season, as it is hoped will insure their approbation and increased support.

Principal Vocal Performers already engaged—Mrs. and Miss Watson, Mr. Dempster, Signor Fabj, Mr. Cunnington, and Mr. Archer.

Solo and Instrumental Performers—Sigr. Gambati, Sigr. Cioffi, Mr. J. Kendall, Sigr. Casolani, Messrs. J. A. Kyle, W. Taylor, Meyrick, Meyers, Goodwin, Conduit, Dodsworth, Nidds, Kyle, sen., Klusshman, Cramer, Munson, Cooke, Gentil, Cline.

Leader, Mr. Boucher. Conductor, Mr. Watson.

The Concert to commence at 8 o'clock.

☞ Tickets may be had at Atwill's music store and at the garden—price 50 cents

GREAT NOVELTY AND ATTRACTION.

MISS WATSON'S BENEFIT AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, Monday Evening, Aug. 8th.—Miss Watson respectfully announces that her Benefit Concert will take place on Monday evening next, aided by all the Talent at present engaged, with numerous additions. Particulars in future advertisements and bills. Tickets 50 cents, to be had at the principal Music stores, and at the Garden. a 6.

CUSTOM HOUSE HOTEL.

BY JAMES HORN, Jr., corner of Nassau and Pine streets, New York.

List of Wines, &c.

Madeira.		*Champagne.*	
Howard, March, & Co. per bottle	$2 00	Chateau d'Ay, quarts	$2 00
Blackburn & Co. quarts	2 00	Do. pints	1 00
Do. pints	1 00	Heidsick, quarts	2 00
Old Cabbot, quarts	2 50	Do. pints	1 00
Do. pints	1 25	Oil de Petrix	2 00
No. 1 Brahmin, (1826), per bottle	3 00	Comet	2 00
Wanderer do.	4 00	Cross Bow, quarts	2 00
Sherry.		Do. pints	1 00
Pale, on draft, quarts	1 50	Anchor, quarts	2 00
Do. pints	75	Do. pints	1 00
Duff, Gordon & Co. quarts	2 00	Bacchus, quarts	2 00
Do. pints	1 00	Do. pints	1 00
Lobo's celebrated Pale, quarts	2 50	*Cordials.*	
Do. pints	1 50	Anisette	2 00
Brown Sherry, (Smith, Bailey & Co.)	2 00	Curaso	2 00
Port.		Marischeno	2 50
Smith, Woodhouse & Co. quarts	2 00	*Claret Wine.*	
Do. pints	1 00	Chateau Margaux, (1825) Lynch's	3 00
Lingham	2 50	Larose do. do.	2 50
Old, (bottled in Oporto) quarts	3 00	Palmer do. do.	2 00
Do. pints	1 50	St. Julien, (1834,)	1 00
Rhenish Wine.		Medoc	1 00
Moselle	2 00	Braun Mouton	1 00
Marcobronner	2 00	*Porter & Ale.*	
Hockheimer	2 00	Burton Ale, quarts	50
Johannesberger	3 00	Do. pints	25
Burgundy.		London Brown Stout, quarts	50
Chambertin	2 00	Do. pints	25
Pomard	2 00	Philadelphia Porter, quarts	25
Clos. de Vogout	3 00	Do. pints	12

Together with a great variety of other Wines, which may be had by the bottle or otherwise.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE entire number of the American Monthly Magazine for August, was consumed by the late fire in Gold-street. Another number is already in progress, and will be issued early in the month, after which it will be published as usual on the first day of each month.
a 6. GEO. DEARBORN, Publisher, 55 Gold-street.

D. L. P. WHILEY, SIGN PAINTER.

AT A. B. Smith's Clock Establishment, No. 7 1-2 Bowery. N.B. Church Clock Dials painted in a superior manner. a 6.

BLOODED HORSES.

I OFFER for sale a great variety of Breeding Stock, embracing some of the best brood mares in America, both native and imported, now in foal to the imported horse *Consol*. Also sundry Colts and Fillies, of different ages, embracing some of the favorite crosses on both sides of the Atlantic; they can be seen at the stock farm at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Madison County, North Alabama.

No. 1. Imported mare *Design*, a chesnut, bred by Mr. Sadler in 1827, got by Tramp, out of Defiance, by Rubens; she was a respectable racer; her foals also for sale. *Julia Tattersall*, a splendid bay filley, dropped in England in 1835, got by Windcliffe, by Whalebone. Also, her foal of the present year, dropped at the Mills. A chesnut colt, *B. Tattersall*, got by Acteon, at the Hampton Court Stud, with his enragements—Design stinted to Consol.

2. Imported mare, *Delight*, a bay, bred by Mr. Sadler in 1828, got by Reveller, out of Design's dam.—Delight was a capital race mare; her produce, 1835. A bay colt, *Little England*, got by Windcliffe as above, 1835, ch colt, by St. Patrick, winner of the St. Leger, and now in the Riddlesworth stud; both very promising.

3. Imported mare, *Sessions*, a brown, bred by Lord Egremont, in 1826, got by Wanderer, out of Centaur's dam, an Orville mare, out of the dam of Sam and Rubens. Also, her foal, *Egremont*, a bay colt, 1835, got by Lord Egremont's Nunnet by Whalebone, out of Thestris.

4. Imported mare, *Vamp*, a bay, bred by Lord Sligo in 182-, got by Langar, out of Wire by Waxy, Whalebone and Whisker's dam. Langar was by Selim; Vamp lost her foal on the passage, and is now stinted to Consol—Vamp is of the true 4 mile stock.

5. Imported mare, *Gabriella*, a chesnut, bred by Mr. Yates, in 182- got by Pardisan, out of Coquette, by Dick Andrews, her dam Vanity, by Bizzard, out of Dubchick, by Pilsos—Drab by Highflyer, Hebe, by Chrysolite—Proserpine, sister to Eclipse; Gabriella is a very fast mare, and stinted to Consol.

My native stock is, in part, very select.

6. *Sally Ball*, by old Archy; she is the dam of (Cathleen, sold to Chas. Silley, 1835, and ch colt, 1835, all by Leviathan, large and fine.

7. *Cleopatra*, ch mare, bred in 1831, got by Bertrand, out of a Paculer mare, grandam by imported Diomed; she has a ch colt at foot by Leviathan, and was stinted early to Consol.

8. Chesnut mare, by Sir Charles, out of a Bedford mare, colt foal at foot by Glenroy, and stinted early to Consol.

9. *Lehigow*, bay mare, by Revenge, he by Ball's Florizel, Diomed &c., her dam by Hamiltonian, imported Messenger, imported Brilliant, her produce, 1835, bay colt by Leviathan, 1834, bay colt by Wild Bill, 1835, bay filley by Wild Bill, and now stinted to Consol.

10. *Jane*, bay mare, by Drone, out of a Blucher mare, by Diomed, Hamiltonian, imported Messenger, &c. &c., her produce, 1833, bay filley by Leviathan, 1834, bay colt by Leviathan, 1835, brown colt, by Cock of the Rock, 1835, bay colt, by Count Badger, and stinted to Consol.

11. *Kate*, a bay mare, by Bucher, a son of Diomed, out of young Miller's Damsel, sister to American Eclipse; Kate's dam by Feather, out of an imported mare; Feather by Light Infantry, &c.—she has a filley foal at foot by Col. Camp's Wildebote, and stinted to Consol.

Not being engaged at present in a training stable, I offer for sale a capital son of Leviathan. Chesnut colt, *Tom Crinzie*, foaled at the Mills 11th March, 1834, got by Leviathan, out of my old Archy mare, bred by Benjamin Jones, of Greensville, Virginia; her dam by imported Diomed, grandam by Wildair, (the grandam of Timoleon,) g. grandam by Driver, g. g. grandam by imported horse Fallow, out of a Vampire mare; he is a splendid horse, full of bone, and has all the requisites of a Turf horse, of the first order, and is now in exercise for the approaching fall races; he would be a valuable acquisition to any racing stable.

Bay Filley, dropped in 1831, got by Bertrand, out of a Topgallant mare. Grey Filley, dropped in 1835, got by Jerry, out of a mare by old Quicksilver; with sundry other colts and fillies, several of them engaged in important sweepstakes. Many gentlemen have been breeding for years without having the offer of such stock to breed from. As to the pedigree and performances, those that wish to examine can find the English Stud Book and Racing Calendars, and all the American Turf publications at the Mills.

Mares and foals when sold together, can be delivered when called for; mares sold without their foals now at foot, can be delivered to the purchaser the 1st of Sept.

Imported horse *Consol* has made a splendid season, and will remain at the Mills the season of 1837.

Persons applying by letter, will please direct to Huntsville.

Huntsville, July 19, 1836. E. H. BOARDMAN.

The Nashville Republican, Lexington Observer & Reporter, Mobile Register, Natchez Courier & Journal, Montgomery Journal, Georgia Courier, Augusta, and New York Spirit of the Times, will please insert the annexed advertisement once a week for six weeks, and send their papers for the time, and forward their accounts to the Advocate office, Huntsville, for payment. Each paper is requested to insert the printer's fee for advertising at the bottom.

SKINNER'S ENGLISH STUD BOOK.

THE Subscriber having sold to Mr. Gideon B. Smith, all his interest in Skinner's edition of the English and American Stud Book, all persons indebted for the said book will please pay the same to Mr. Smith, and all persons having any of said books in their possession for sale, will account for the same to him. Those persons who have paid for the book and not received it, will please apply for it to Mr. Smith, or give him directions how to send it to them. J. S. SKINNER.

Baltimore, July 25, 1836.

N.B. Having no further interest in the work, I can the more readily recommend it to all owners of thoroughbred horses. It contains the whole of the English Stud Book in three volumes, which it costs $25 to import, with the pedigrees of the most distinguished stallions and mares, to which may be traced the present stock of American horses. J. S. S.

The subscriber is desirous of closing the sales of Skinner's edition of the English Stud Book as soon as possible; he therefore requests all persons that want it to apply immediately by letter or otherwise. Copies are deposited at Charleston and Columbia, S. C., Savannah and Augusta, Geo., Louisville, Ken., Fayetville, Tenn., and at the Messrs. Carvills, at New York, so that any person in any of those sections of the country, can apply to me for a copy, and I will give them an order for it. They are also for sale at the office of the Turf Register in Baltimore. When they are sent by mail the postage is $4,08. The money ($10 a copy) should in all cases accompany the order.

The edition is very limited and not likely ever to be re-printed.
a 6. GIDEON B. SMITH, Turf Reg. office, Balt

CLUB BOAT FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, the boat of the *Ariel Club*, of Castle Garden, built by W. & E. De La Montaignie: is thirty feet keel, pulls seven oars, is sound and in complete order, and with oars, cushions, flag, etc. will be sold a bargain for $175.

For further information and examination of the boat, apply to
a 6-2t. JOHN W. GOULD, 71 Cedar-st.

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has for the present taken the store 55 Gold-street. A small part only of his Stereotype Plates having been destroyed by the late fire, he will be enabled to furnish a full supply of his publications in a short time.

He has now on hand some of each of the following works:—

Hallocks Poems, Drakes do., Shakspeare, 2 vols. 8vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, 8vo., Byron, 1 vol. 8 vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, do., Johnson's Works, 2 vols. 8 vo., Boswell's Johnson, 2 do., Rollin's Ancient History, 2 vols. do., Burke's Works, 3 vols, Crown, 8 vo., Dryden's Works, 2 vols. do., Notices of the War of 1812, Life on the Lakes, 2 vols. 12 mo., Memoirs of an American Lady.
a 6-6t. GEO. DEAREORN.

A CARD.

TO protect the property of my children, acquired by a life of industry and assiduity, I feel it necessary to retire from that state of society, in which there is no security for property, or even for person. J. SCHOLS.

Wallabout, July 20, 1836.

N.B. Mr. Sheriff may levy as soon as he pleases, and assist me in the disposal of my personal property prior to my departure. a 6-3t.

ANOTHER CARD.

SAID a father to his son, who complained bitterly of having been stung by a nettle, "you should have handled it strongly, and you would not have been hurt by it." That a certain party predominate here, dividing the spoils *corruptedly* increasing every day; and carrying their *pestiferous* influence and plots, to the ruin of private families and individuals, arises from the same cause, namely: their opponents know not how to treat them. I have been that odious creature, to the little minds, a manufactured citizen, that meddled not. Had you been a Jackson man, said a person to me, the award in a certain recent case, instead of being $1,500, would have been six cents or less. "*Yet I have voted for no one.*" Nor did I intend to write upon politics in this country; but the iron hand of political oppression has been fixed on me; and I mean, in a PAMPHLET, to publish, if not my farewell, at least my inaugurate address, before I go. Want of genius reduces, would be, aspiring men, to low shifts, and designations of those, with whose intelligence they cannot compete, and consequently whose character they cannot read. My last, and for which I believe I am indebted to Davis, of the New York Times, is I think, That eccentric being,
a 6-3t. JOHN SCHOLS.

AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage. S. T. EDWARDS.

A TRAINER WANTED.

THE UNDERSIGNED wishes to employ *immediately*, a competent Trainer. For such an one the *most liberal wages* will be given, by the month or season, besides a per centum on the winnings. He will have in training five or six nags of the most fashionable blood.
July 9, 1836. PHILIP WALLIS, Baltimore, Md.

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

THE FOLLOWING STOCK OF BLOOD HORSES are offered for sale in consequence of the death of the late owner:—

1. The grey mare *Farmer's Damsel*, together with her foal, a filly by the imported horse Barefoot. Farmer's Damsel is 14 years old, was got by the celebrated horse American Eclipse, out of Lady Hamlet; the latter was got by old Hamlet out of an old Messenger Mare. A further and complete pedigree can be given on application by any person that wishes to purchase.

2. The Bay Horse *Henry Archie*, 8 years old. This horse which is well known to the Sporting Public, was got by the celebrated horse Henry, out of No. 1.

3. The Iron Grey Horse *Alexander*, 6 years old, out of No. 1, by Imported Barefoot.

4. The Iron Grey Mare *Maria Lovell*, 4 years old, out of No. 1, by Sir Lovell.

5. The Sorrel Filley *Betsey Andrew*, 2 years old, out of No. 1, by Andrew.

6. The Bay Horse *Chief Consul*, 4 years old, out of Lady Hamlet, the dam of No. 1 by Sir Lovell.

7. The Sorrel Filly *Molly*, 3 years old, by Henry, out of Modesty.

Numbers 2, 3, and 7, can be seen at SAMUEL LAIRD'S, at Colt's Neck, Monmouth Co., N. J. For further particulars, terms, &c., apply to, or address

JESSE W. SEAMAN,
july 2 Corner of South and Beekman-sts., N. Y.

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to any gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

TRENTON EAGLE COURSE.

SWEEPSTAKES TO BE RUN FIRST FALL MEETING 1836,—*20th September.*—FIRST DAY.—For *all* colts 3 yrs. old—*two* mile heats—subscription $300 each—forfeit $100—four or more to make a Race, to name and close 1st Sept.

SECOND DAY.—For three year old Colts—*that never won a race*—mile heats—subscription $300, each, forfeit $100, four or more to make a race, to close 1st September.

SECOND FALL MEETING.

FIRST DAY.—Sweepstake for all ages—two mile heats—subscription $500 each, forfeit $200, to which will be added by Proprietors $100 on each and every horse that *starts* in the race, four or more to make a race. Subscription to close on the 18th October, Horses to be named at the Post.

SECOND DAY.—Poststake for three year olds—two miles out—subscription $200, forfeit $100, to close on Tuesday, (first day of the Races) at 2 1-2 o'clock, P. M., purse added by proprietors $100, four or more to make a race. O. BAILEY, *Sec'ry.*

Trenton, July 1, 1836.

TRAINER WANTED.

WANTED, a man who perfectly understands the management of thorough bred horses, to take charge of a three year old colt, within a short distance of this city. The very best roferences will be required. Apply at 36, City Hall Place. june 25 3t

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course, fall, 1836.

1. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, fall, 1836, then three years old, two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close the 1st of September, 1836.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, fall 1836, then three years old, two mile heats, entrance $100, h. f. confined to colts bred or owned in Maryland or District of Columbia, and as far south as the Rappahannock. To name and close by the 1st of September, 1836. Three or more to make a race.

3. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, fall 1836, then three years old, mile heats, entrance $100, h. f. free for colts that never won a race. Three or more to make a race. To name and close 1st of September, 1836.

Sweepstakes now open to be run over the Kendall Course, spring 1837.

1. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, spring 1837, then three years old, mile heats, $100 entrance, h. f. confined to colts bred or owned in Maryland and as far south as the Rappahannock. Three or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st of March, 1837.

To be run for 1839.

A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, foaled spring 1836. To be run spring 1839, mile heats, entrance $1,000, forfeit $250. To name and close by the 1st of January, 1837. Now eight subscribers and more promised.

jy 23 J. B. KENDALL, Proprietor.

Sweepstakes open for 3 yr. old Colts & Fillies, over the Union Course.

SECOND MEETING, Fall, 1836.—Two mile heats; entrance $300; forfeit $100. Three or more to make a race: closes 1st of August.

J. B. Seaman names "Dusty Foot," by Barefoot, out of Agnes.

SECOND FALL MEETING, 1836. Two mile heats, for colts and fillies that never *won* a race.—The second in the race to receive back stake if five start: entrance $300; forfeit $100. Four or more to make a race. Closes 1st of September.

1. Robt. L. Stevens produce of Lalla Rookh and Henry.
2. Robt. Tillotson.
3. I. S. Snedecor.

FALL, 1837. Two mile heats; entrance $300; forfeit $100. Closes 1st of July, 1836.

1. A. P. Houdin, produce of Ostrich and Andrew.
2. Robt. L. Stevens " Lalla Rookh and Henry.
3. J. Bathgate " Henry Mare and Autocrat.
4. John C. Stevens " Jaunttie and Henry.
5. Alex. " Romp and Henry.
6. Robt. Tillotson " Medoc's dam and Henry.
7. R. F. Stockton " Powancey and Charles.
8. G. T. Wilson " Miss Fisher and Andrew.
9. A. L. Botts " Phillis and Eclipse.

SPRING, 1839. Mile heats, for colts and fillies dropt 1836. Entrance $1000; forfeit, $250.—Second in race to receive back stake; four or more to make a race. Closes 1st of Jan. 1837.

N.B. A stake open for 1st meeting, Fall, 1836. Two mile heats; entrance $1000; half forfeit; to close 1st September; four or more to make a race.

New-York, June, 1836. ALEX. L. BOTTS, *Secretary.*

TROTTING.

A SWEEPSTAKE will take place at the Eagle Course, Trenton, N. J., on the last day of the Second Fall Meeting, three miles and repeat, under the saddle, free for all trotting horses, (Edwin Forrest excepted). Entrance $500, $200 forfeit; three or more to make a field. To close and name at the Eagle Hotel, on the second day of the First Fall Meeting, at 8 o'clock, P. M.—To be governed by the rules of Hunting Park Trotting Course.

July 9, 1836. O. BAILEY, *Secretary.*

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. BOARDMAN enters get of Imp. CONSOL.

Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2

CULPEPER COURT HOUSE, VA.

SWEEPSTAKES OPEN FOR THE FALL MEETING OF 1836.

1. For three year old colts and fillies, two miles and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit—unrestricted. Entries to close on the 15th July; four or more to make a race.

2. For three year old colts and fillies, one mile and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit—to be confined to colts and fillies raised in Culpeper and adjoining Counties, and Counties next to adjoining Counties, embracing likewise the colts of the Counties west of the Blue Ridge that adjoin any County embraced in the general limits—but to be confined to colts that never ran a race; four or more entries to make a race. Subscription to close on the 15th July. Four entries already.

3. Stake; mile and repeat, for three and four year old colts that never won a race, raised and owned in Culpeper County. Entrance 100 bushels of oats; half forfeit. Oats to be delivered at *Culpeper Court House*, or at the Race Track, before the race.

4. Stake; for three year old Truffle colts, one mile and repeat. Entrance $50; thirty dollars forfeit; four or more to make a race. Entries to close on the 15th July, 1836.

Persons wishing to make entries in any of these stakes, will address—Dr. PHILIP C. HOUGHTON, *Culpeper Court House, Va.* Besides these stakes, there will be a Proprietor's Purse and two handsome Jockey Club Purses to be run for, making in all, it is supposed, at least $1000 *cash up*; and a very interesting match race. These races will commence on the thirteenth of September, and continue three or four days only, so as to give time for the horses to visit the Course at *Charlestown*, Jefferson County, where there will be many attractions. The races there will commence on the 26th September.

There is a stake open for next spring, free for any three year old colt at that time, one mile and repeat. Entrance $100; half forfeit; four or more to make a race. Already three have entered. Entries to close on the 15th July. june 25

WASHINGTON COURSE, D. C.

SWEEPSTAKES to be run over the Washington Course, D. C., Fall Meeting, 1836, to commence second Tuesday in October

1. A Post Stake for 3 year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $1000, forfeit $500, to close the first of September; to name at the starting-post, four or more to make a race.—To this stake there are likely to be 8 or 10 subscribers.

2. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, 2 mile heats; sub. $200, forfeit $50, to name and close the 20th of July next—now 4 subscribers.

3. Sweepstakes for three-year old colts and fillies, bred in Maryland or District of Columbia, 2 mile heats; sub. $100, forfeit $50—now 4 subscribers. july 2

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

THE IMPORTED HORSE SIR RICHARD,

WILL STAND THIS SPRING, at O. Bailey's stable, at the Eagle Hotel, Trenton, N. J. at $50 the season; $75 to insure. O. BAILEY.

Trenton, March 20, 1836. mar 26.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wadcutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in bnsiness, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N. B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

DAVISON'S COURSE, NEAR TRENTON.

THE FOLLOWING STAKES are now open, to be run over this Course on the 1st Tuesday in September. FIRST DAY—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies which have never before started; mile heats; $25 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the proprietor, and to name and close by the 1st of August; four or more to make a race; and, SECOND DAY—A Stake, mile heats, for colts and fillies, 3 years old; $50 entrance, half forfeit, and $50 added by the Proprietor; four or more to make a race, and to name and close by the first of August. There will also be several Purses given at the same time as the above.

june 25 JAMES DAVISON, *Secretary.*

BOAT RACES.

THE undersigned, desirous of introducing in the City of Savannah, the interesting and beautiful amusement of Boat Racing, and being the proprietors of several Canoe Boats, built in the county of Camden, Ga., hereby respectfully invite the citizens of the State of South Carolina to meet them at Savannah, between the 25th day of December and 25th day of January next, for the purpose of testing the speed of their boats, on the following terms:

1st. They propose to run their four oared Canoe Boat "Lizzard," one straight mile in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any four oared Canoe Boat in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

2d. They propose to run their Canoe Boat, "The Goddess of Liberty," of six oars, one straight mile, in calm weather, opposite the City of Savannah, against any six oared Canoe Boat, built in the State of South Carolina, for $1000.

Any gentleman desirous of accepting this invitation, will signify the same, by letter, to be addressed to both of the undersigned, within ninety days from this date.

The necessary arrangements for the races can be made after the invitation is accepted, by correspondence with the undersigned.

CHARLES R. FLOYD, Jeffersonton, Camden County, Ga.
HENRY DUBIGNON, Brunswick, Glynn County, Ga.

June 13th, 1836. jy 23.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The NEW SERIES OF THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th February, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance	$5 00
For Six Months Subscription, in advance	2 50

The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—

For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *in the paper*	$3 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto.*	50
For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *upon the cover*	$2 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto.*	37½

Yearly advertisers upon the cover are only charged $15 per annum for one square, (14 lines) and at that rate; transient advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-pa